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## THE ANCIENT TOWN OF FORT BENTON IN MONTANA

### NAVIGATING THE UPPER MISSOURI RIVER

THERE are few towns in America whose growth in time of peace falls into periods of such distinct outline that the epoch of transition from one to the other can be fixed with the precision of a definite date. All cities have had dissimilar, often remarkable, stages of development. Bustling activity with its attendant cheer and confidence is followed by the gloom and depression of business stagnation, while beneath this surface commotion of "booms" and "collapses" the undercurrent of growth steadily expands. In most instances these changes are gradual and, at the time, perhaps imperceptible. To the historian alone, who from the apex of accumulating years enjoys a kind of bird's-eye view of the past, is the line of demarkation distinctly visible.

This general rule however finds a prominent exception in the history of the pioneer town of western Montana. The change from Fort Benton "the head of navigation" to Fort Benton a simple prairie village—a change which involved the future fate of the little town—was caused by an event which was not only observed and appreciated at the time, but was foreseen with apprehension years before.

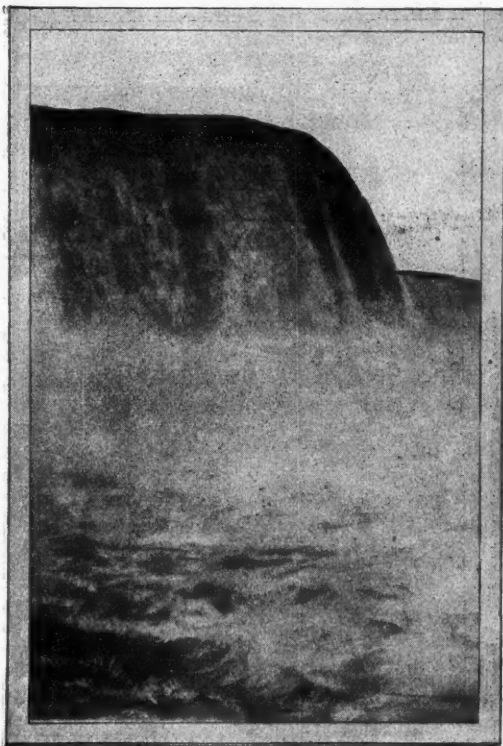
Railway enterprise long ago laid its hands upon the internal commerce of this country, an ever-increasing proportion of which it has drawn to itself from year to year. It has hesitated at no barrier to its extension except the ocean itself. It has stopped the construction of projected canals and has impaired the usefulness of those already constructed. It has robbed the principal water-ways, like the Great Lakes and the Mississippi, of much of their legitimate traffic, while the business of the smaller streams has been practically wiped out of existence. The latter fate has befallen the once extensive commerce of the upper Missouri river. To Fort Benton that commerce was admittedly her only *raison d'être*, and when on the 28th day of September, 1887, she first heard the locomotive whistle resound among her bluffs, she instinctively felt that a chapter of

her history was irrevocably closed. But notwithstanding its abrupt termination, that chapter is a very important one. Few towns, perhaps none of the small size of Fort Benton, have played so important a part in the development of the far west. For years prior to the advent of railroads it was the distributing point for a territory which extended from Wyoming far into the British possessions and west beyond the summits of the Rockies. Transportation by river, though slow and hazardous, was infinitely preferable to the slower and more hazardous system of overland hauling. It was certainly a circumstance of immeasurable value in the early settlement of that country that a navigable water-course existed which, without amelioration, would permit extensive shipments into the very heart of the West.

Fort Benton being the terminus of this line of transportation, the distributing point for this vast territory, and the export market for whatever the country produced, enjoyed for nearly a score of years a prosperity which is rarely the good fortune of so small a place.

The city is built in an open bottom where the bluffs, receding for a distance from the river, leave a suitable and protected site for the construction of a town. The river is here but a few hundred feet wide, and its water, flowing over a gravelly bottom, is of great clearness and beauty, in striking contrast to its turbid condition a hundred miles below. The soil of the prairies and bluffs is remarkably free from the rock through which the river both above and below has worn its course. The bluffs, which along the lower river are miles apart, here frequently approach to within a few thousand feet of each other, rising precipitously to a height of nearly three hundred feet.

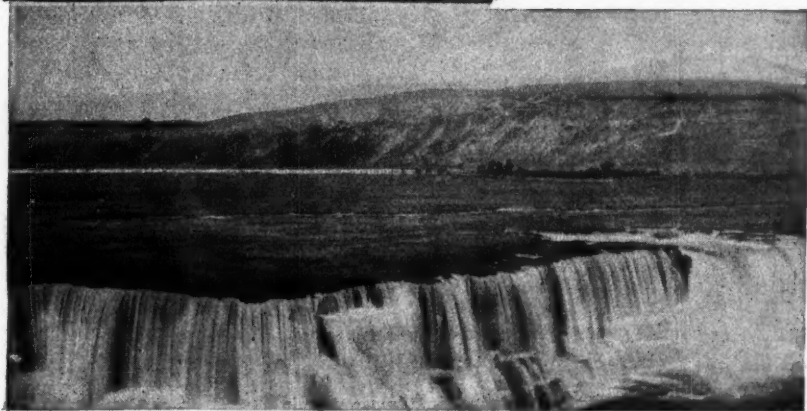
The traveler whose curiosity may cause him to explore the river above Benton will find the valley gradually contracting, the bluffs growing rocky and more precipitous, and the current more turbulent and rapid. By the time he has reached the mouth of Belt creek, some thirty-five miles above Benton, these characteristics are heightened to a great degree. The bluffs no longer slope, but are perpendicular and jagged. They are no longer soil, but solid rock. The river valley has contracted to the width of the river bed, and the dark green color of the water is relieved by thousands of patches of white foam as the rapid current is broken by projecting rocks or interrupted by sudden cascades. Finally, as if the limit of endurance had been reached, relief is found in the presence of a perpendicular fall of eighty-five feet over which the entire river pours itself. Above the fall the now freer valley soon contracts, again encounters a fall, another and another and another, until finally it is but a faint



depression in the prairie. Here the river flows so smoothly that, with its fringe of cottonwoods, it looks like a placid lake and gives no intimation of its frenzied condition a few miles below. This remarkable series of cataracts, which in the space of a few miles makes an aggregate fall of over five hundred feet, forms the first serious obstacle to the upward navigation of the Missouri, and its existence undoubtedly determined the location of Fort Benton.

So far as existing records show, this part of the river was first seen by

THE UPPER MISSOURI RIVER.  
RAINBOW FALLS (HIGH WATER).  
RAINBOW FALLS (LOW WATER).



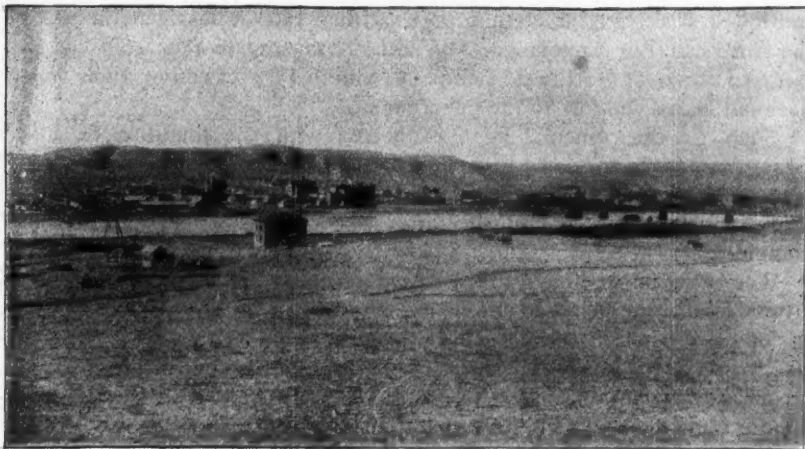
white men in June, 1805, when it was visited by the famous expedition of Lewis and Clarke. In the early years of the present century there were two lines of travel across the continent—the Montreal Fur Traders' route by way of the Great Lakes, Lake Winnipeg, the Saskatchewan and Flatbow rivers to the Columbia; and the New York and St. Louis Fur Traders' route by way of the Platte river, South Pass, and Lewis Fork to the Columbia, along which stream both routes extended to the Pacific. The location of these lines of travel, and the supposed hostility and savage nature of the Indian tribes between them, caused the intermediate country to receive very little attention from the early explorers. There can be little doubt, however, that the country had been entered before the end of the eighteenth century by the early French explorers, by the Spanish from New Mexico, and by the adventurous trappers of the Hudson's Bay Company. It is indeed pretty well settled that Chevalier de la Verendrye, then French governor of Quebec, with a party of explorers visited this country in 1743, remaining there nearly a year. However this may be, to Lewis and Clarke belongs the credit of giving to the world the first authentic description of the country along the upper Missouri, and their expedition is the great initial point in that country's history.

Between the date of this expedition and 1827 the upper river was doubtless frequently explored, for in the latter year a trading-post was established at the mouth of the Marias river,\* about twenty miles below the present site of Benton. In the following year it was abandoned and a regular stockaded post built eight miles above and named Fort Mackenzie, which stood fourteen years, and in 1842 was finally abandoned and burned as the result of a feud with the Blackfeet Indians. From this circumstance the site of the old fort is still called Fort Brûlé, or the *burned* fort, although, from the fact that the present inhabitants of that region pronounce the word *bruly*, as they do the word "coulée" *cooly*, probably very few of them have any notion of its origin. The frequent recurrence of these French names in places where the very existence of the people who understood that language has almost passed out of memory is a striking proof of the hardy enterprise of those early explorers. They were truly the pioneers of the northwest, but their labors and achievements have alike disappeared, except in the name of some mountain, lake, or stream, or in those mission schools which the zealous Jesuits long ago established for the conversion and education of the Indian tribes.

After the abandonment of Fort Mackenzie, a trading-post was established in the spring of 1843 at the mouth of the Judith river, one

\*The "Marias" of Lewis and Clarke.





VIEW OF THE ANCIENT TOWN OF FORT BENTON.

hundred and twenty miles below the present site of Fort Benton, and named Fort Chardron from the trader in charge. It was occupied but one year, and in 1844 a post was built in a broad open bottom about eight miles above the present site of Benton and called Fort Cotton. In 1846 Fort Cotton was moved a few miles down the river, a stockaded post was built, and this in the following year was replaced by the adobe fort the remains of which are standing at the present day. The new post was named Fort Benton in honor of Missouri's distinguished senator, and from it the town takes its name. These posts all belonged to the American Fur Company founded by John Jacob Astor, who after the failure of his Astoria experiment confined his efforts to those regions drained by the headwaters of the Missouri. At an early date Astor sold out to Chouteau, Valle & Co. of St. Louis. The Chouteaus, pioneers in St. Louis, are intimately connected with the historic traditions of the northwest, and the name itself has been given to the county of which Fort Benton is the capital.

The American Fur Company did not, however, enjoy an undisturbed monopoly of the fur trade of these regions. It found formidable competitors in the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, organized by General William Ashley of St. Louis in 1822, and in the Independent Traders, so called because they belonged to none of the great companies. In fact, a trading-post called Fort Campbell was built near Fort Benton and

continued a bitter rival of that post until in 1860 it was purchased by the American Fur Company. The latter company in 1865 sold out its trade to the great Northwest Company, who in 1877 closed up their business and leased the fort to the government.

Such are the principal facts connected with the founding of Fort Benton and its history as a fur-trading post. Its subsequent history is so intimately connected with the early navigation of the Missouri river that a short historical sketch of the latter is necessary to make the former complete.

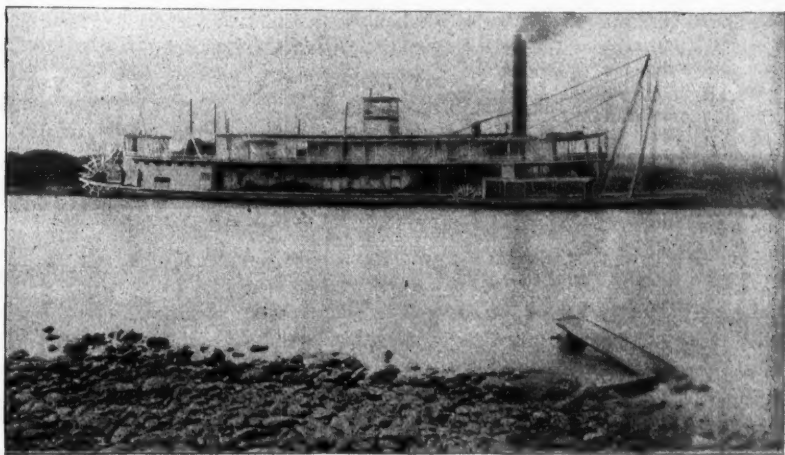
The belief in the practicability of extensive navigation of the Missouri river was, like the belief in all untried enterprises of importance, a matter of long growth. In the early days following the introduction of steam navigation on the Mississippi, there wanted not wise heads who pronounced steamboat navigation of the Missouri river, even as far as Kansas City, a simple impossibility. But the persistent experimenter, who in the end always gets the better of the equally persistent doubter, soon showed by practical demonstration that boats could ascend to Kansas City. The "head of navigation" was then transferred a little higher up, and again higher, until it was finally forced to Benton.\*

The earlier freight traffic up the Missouri was carried on by the historic keel-boatmen, who rowed, poled, or cordelled their craft all the way from St. Louis to the remotest trading-posts. As the steamboat trade progressed up the river, the keel-boats would recede before it, confining themselves to that part of the river not yet reached by the steamboats. The trade was entirely in the hands of the fur companies, consisting of the traffic peculiar to that business, and was full of adventures not unmingled with suffering and misfortune. The Indians, in numberless ambuscades, picked off the boatmen whose graves now line the banks of the river from Benton to its mouth. The simple wooden crosses erected to their memory have long since decayed. Their names are forgotten, and the fact of their existence is fast becoming a tradition. Occasionally the intrusive pick crashes into a heap of bones which the workman recognizes as of his own species. This may arouse some discussion as to their identity, race, and probable circumstances of interment; then they are flung aside and the curtain of oblivion closes forever over the memory of the rugged *voyageur*.

In the year 1831 the first serious attempt was made to navigate with steamboats the upper Missouri river. The steamer *Yellowstone* in the summer of that year reached Pierre, the site of the present capital of

\* The reader will do well to consult the maps in order to fix the exact location of Fort Benton in the memory.

South Dakota. In the following year the same boat reached Fort Union, above the mouth of the Yellowstone river. The *Assiniboine* followed her in 1833, and the latter boat in 1834 and 1835 reached Poplar creek, sixty miles higher up. In 1850 the mouth of Milk river was reached. In 1858 the *Chippewa* was built with special reference to the difficulties of upper river navigation. She was a stern-wheel boat of light draught, and with her it was resolved to make a thorough trial of the extreme upper river. The attempt was successful. The boat reached Fort Brûlé, twelve miles below Benton, on the 17th of July, 1859, forty years and two months after the first steamboat entered the mouth of the Missouri.\* On



MISSOURI RIVER STEAMBOAT.

July 2, 1860, the *Chippewa* arrived at Fort Benton, followed a few hours later by the *Spread Eagle*. In July, 1868, the *Tom Stevens*, taking advantage of high water, ascended the river to the mouth of Belt creek, marking the highest point reached by any steamboat and unquestionably the most distant point from the sea which a large vessel has ever yet been able to reach by a single continuous water-course. This point lacks but a few miles of being four thousand miles by river from the Gulf of Mexico, and it has been reached by a single river unaided by artificial improvements.

But if the great distance of this point from the mouth of the river seems surprising, its elevation above the sea is none the less so. Could

\* The *Independence* entered the mouth of the Missouri river May 15, 1819.

this vessel have followed the river course to the Gulf of Mexico and have retained the level of the river at the mouth of Belt creek, she would have passed about 1,300 feet above the northern Pacific bridge at Bismarck, 2,200 feet above the Eads bridge at St. Louis, and a landing-place of three times the height of the Eiffel tower in Paris would have barely accommodated her passengers at New Orleans. The river is like a great winding staircase of so gentle slope that huge boats, weighing with their cargoes a million pounds each, can climb from the level of the sea to the foot-hills of the Rockies.

As an example of inland navigation by a single river, the Mississippi-Missouri system stands without an equal. Other rivers may indeed excel it in the navigable capacities of their channels or in the actual amount of traffic they sustain. The Amazon river with its tributaries will undoubtedly form, when its capacities are developed, the most extensive system of inland navigation in the world. It is a tidal river, and ocean vessels can ascend it quite to the western frontier of Brazil. Among tideless rivers the Volga system probably leads in the actual amount of traffic it sustains—a traffic which equals or exceeds that of all the railroads in Russia combined. But neither of these systems equals our own in the respects above mentioned.

A person whose knowledge of river navigation is derived entirely from such magnificent voyages as those from New York to Albany would hardly call by the same name the process by which boats are worked up the Missouri river when the stage of water is beginning to get low. By combining the accounts of loquacious boatmen with a sprinkling of personal experience, it may nevertheless appear that these voyages, especially when hostile Indians infested the country and when herds of buffalo and other game roamed the valleys, were by no means devoid of interest. Let us follow for a time one of the best river boats making the trip from Bismarck to Benton early in July. The annual rise has gone, and the frequent contact of the vessel with the river-bottom suggests continual doubt as to the possibility of reaching the destination. The incidents of a day, with a moderate amplification of detail and personal impressions, might form a record something like this:

Three o'clock in the morning has scarcely passed when the noise of preparation resounds throughout the boat. In these high latitudes, and at this season of the year, morning and evening twilight can almost shake hands with each other across the narrow abyss of a few hours' darkness. It is already getting light; a glance at his watch satisfies the passenger that, whatever may be the captain's predilections, his own are still in the

direction of further sleep, which he proposes to get, so far as the noise of the machinery and the motion of the boat will allow. In this, however, he is only partially successful, and he soon dresses himself, gets a "boat" breakfast, and goes up into the pilot-house to bother the captain with questions and note the progress of the day. It may here be observed that an upper Missouri steamboat captain is a person of no small importance; at least, he so impresses one who is making a first trip up the river. Armed with an inexhaustible supply of anecdotes and tales of adventure, the accumulation of the whole race of boatmen for the past twenty years, he never gives one a moment's respite from the recital of *his* startling experiences. He is generally a pilot as well as master of the vessel, and frequently takes his place at the wheel. His knowledge of the river seems to you something marvelous, as his trained eye tells from the varied commixture of ripple and calm the location of the channel, the position of reefs and snags, as well as the depth of water above them, and you are almost inclined to believe him endowed with Neptunian attributes, had not the watery empire of that serene potentate been confined to the sea. Unfortunately for an office of such exalted dignity, the title of "captain" is appropriated by divers other less deserving members of the crew. In fact, it seems that any man who can exercise authority in any capacity, from the chief cook to the master himself, is entitled to the appellation.

But to return to our trip. In response to an inquiry as to the prospects of the day, the captain ominously shakes his head. The wind is blowing strong and the sand is seen drifting in clouds over the sand-bars along the valley in both directions as far as the eye can reach. These persistent prairie winds are very unwelcome to the pilot. They disturb the normal appearance of the river, the only guide in following its shifting channel, and when they blow athwart the course of the vessel, they are only too liable to force her against the shore. The captain is picking his way through a bed of snags near a grove of huge cottonwood trees which the aggressive action of the river is year by year undermining and transforming into these formidable obstacles to navigation.

Having safely passed this dangerous section of the river, a short run soon brings the boat to a "crossing," or in other words to a place where the river, after having followed one bank for a distance, crosses the valley to the other bank. These "crossings" are always much dreaded by the boatmen, for the river here divides into a series of smaller chutes, none of which may have sufficient depth for a navigable channel. The captain selects the chute which seems to offer the best prospects of success, but even his trained eye cannot remove all doubt, and he is compelled to call



in the service of the sounding-pole. The pole-man, standing on the fore-castle and throwing his pole every thirty seconds, draws out in a peculiar river brogue that has to be heard to be appreciated, "F-o-u-r feet, three-and-a-haluf, three-feet-large, three-feet-scant, two-and-a-haluf," whereupon the captain concludes that he has selected the wrong chute, and withdraws for a trial in a different place. In the meantime he calls attention to a dry gulch where he says the boat passed last year. The sight of this sandy valley, where already a tender crop of willows is starting up, excites a suspicion that the captain is amusing himself at the passenger's expense, and the latter hardly knows whether or not to consider himself imposed upon. But the assistant pilot noticing this incredulity quickly corroborates the captain's statement with a chain of circumstances which, for the time at least, compels tacit credence, and further experience shows that such phenomena are by no means rare.

The captain has by this time tried another chute, but with no better success. He now runs the boat to shore, makes her fast, takes a yawl and rowing crew, and, with a little sounding-stick five or six feet long, he carefully examines the whole river over the "crossing." Finally he returns with the unwelcome intelligence that the greatest depth found is but two feet, and, as the boat draws three feet, he stands in face of the problem of navigating a two-foot channel with a boat of three feet draught. An insolvable problem? Assuredly it cannot be other. But the captain is evidently of different opinion, for he has already entered upon its solution. Steaming the boat in the direction of the deepest water previously determined, he pushes her as far as she will go. Then the mate and crew lower the spars on either side, push them into the bar with the lower ends pointing down stream so that a pull on the lines will both lift the boat and pull it ahead, haul tight the lines, throw them around the capstans, apply the engines to the latter and proceed to "walk" the boat over the bar. Somebody has already driven a stake into the bar near the boat, by which to note the latter's progress. From this it is observed that she does really move, but as more and more of her weight is brought upon the bar, the engines begin to labor, the progress is imperceptible, and one begins to think that having gotten where it will be impossible either to advance or retreat the captain will be compelled to stop. But now the propeller wheel is set in motion, and strange to say with a backward revolution, as if trying to back the boat, while the engines are exerting themselves to the utmost on the spars to pull her ahead. Astonished at this apparent waste of power, the tyro in sand-bar navigation hastens to the captain and informs him that the engineer must have misunderstood his signal, as the wheel is

working with a reverse motion. The captain, unable to suppress a smile at this really pardonable ignorance, replies that the engineer's auricular training is quite correct, and that he has understood the signal perfectly. He then explains that the power of the spars is so much greater than that of the wheel, that the latter can make no impression against them; but that the reverse motion forces the water back under the boat and acts as a temporary dam, sometimes actually raising the water three or four inches, and lightening the weight on the bar just that much. Still incredulous, our novice returns to watch the stake in the bar. He observes that the boat *is* making better progress than before, and he concludes that navigation, even on the Missouri, has its scientific aspect.

Dinner-time comes and passes and it is nearly one o'clock when the familiar quiver of the boat announces that she again rests on the water alone and that another obstacle is passed. Now follow several hours' good progress. The captain, relieved of the necessity of continuous attention to the boat, is in his full adventure-telling element. He relates how at this particular point, in 1867, an Indian concealed on the bank endeavored to take his life. It is a difficult part of the river, where the channel comes close to the shore and the greatest care is necessary at the wheel. This the Indian seems to have understood perfectly, and had his aim been as good as his strategy, not only would the captain have been slain, but the pilotless boat might have been wrecked and thus helplessly exposed to the attacks of the treacherous savages. The captain never fails to point out the spot where the bullet tore through the pilot-house in such unpleasant proximity.

A little farther on is the place where in the following year he was compelled to stop his boat and wait for a herd of buffaloes to ford the river, lest if he should run through the line, their huge bodies might become entangled in the wheel and disable him entirely. Moreover, it afforded an excellent opportunity to pick out a few choice specimens for the kitchen—an argument for delay which to the listener seems much the more plausible of the two. The incident is only one of the many that are continually calling attention to the almost miraculous disappearance of a great species from the face of the earth. One recalls the muffling robe which used to be a *sine qua non* of every sleigh-ride; he sees the members of the boat-crew, as their duties give them leisure, individually busy with a knife or piece of glass giving to some rough pair of horns that exquisite ebony polish that converts it into a beautiful ornament; he sees the well-worn trails which many years will fail to eradicate from the prairie; he looks at the enormous heaps of bones and horns gathered to the

river bank for shipment; he contemplates all these evidences that a great species once flourished here, but his eye in vain scans the prairie for a single remaining specimen. All comparative estimates based upon the known size of large herds of cattle indicate that the multitude of these animals was literally innumerable. Where are they now? Ages of geological history marked the decline and final extinction of the pterosaur and of the mastodon, while to the wanton amusement of the sportsman and the unbridled avarice of the trader, the annihilation of the American bison was the work of but a single generation. Familiar and frequent as are the evidences of its past existence, the species has now dwindled to a few sickly specimens which may still be seen in the zoölogical garden or in the traveling menagerie.

But what is that bunch of cloth, twigs, and dirt which rests securely in the arms of a gnarled and stubby cottonwood near the shore, like the nest of some huge bird? The captain says that it is an Indian's grave and that it was there when he made his first trip up the river. There come to mind the pictures of Indian burial-grounds in the books of early childhood, while a peculiar fascination draws attention from more pleasing objects around and rivets it upon this rude tomb. The more one contemplates it the more he feels that with all its uncouthness this mode of burial has much to commend it. Indeed, can we doubt that the "untutored mind" did well when it selected to mark the resting-place of its dust, not the meaningless stone but the forest tree, in itself an emblem of the simplest notion of a future life? To the Indian, heaven is but another earth. On questions of futurity he knows but one religion and practices but one philosophy—that of measuring the unknown by the known. That the sunshine of spring will clothe his memorial tree in fresh foliage is to him no more certain than that he shall yet dwell, with the identical companions, possessions, and pursuits of this life, in the happy hunting-grounds of the spirit land. His tomb will not endure like the graven granite of Greenwood, it is true, but it has already outlasted the generation that placed it there, and beyond that the finest monument is indeed "dull, cold marble," but nothing more.

The captain's attention is here directed to the cause of some unusual preparation on the boat. And well it may. A short distance ahead the foaming river is seen coming down a very perceptible descent. A rapid! And must the boat try that passage? No progress elsewhere. Spars will do no good there. The water is deep enough; its swiftness is the difficulty. Mindful of the mortifying failure of his attempt to instruct the captain at the late "crossing," our novice has already relinquished the


idea of offering any further solution for the difficulties of river navigation, so he simply awaits developments. The boat has reached the foot of the rapid and is making for the shore. The instant her prow touches the bank a dozen men leap ashore and start on the run up along the water's edge. The foremost carries a pick and spade and a few stakes; the second carries a large stick of wood little smaller than a railroad tie; the rest, at intervals of one or two hundred feet, are carrying a strong line which is being rapidly uncoiled on the boat. Having arrived well beyond the head of the rapid the men proceed to plant a "dead-man;" that is, they dig a trench three or four feet deep, large enough to receive the above-mentioned stick, and with a direction perpendicular to that of the river. The stick is buried, carefully staked down, the line is fastened to it at its middle, and then all is covered up with stones and dirt. The people on the boat have now thrown their end of the line around the capstan and are already winding it up and drawing the boat slowly but surely up the rapid. The whole operation has taken an hour, and by the time the party is back on board supper-time has arrived.

After this final refreshment the pilot-house is again sought wherein to spend a few hours of the close of day. The wind has almost entirely subsided, and the river surface, disturbed only occasionally by its own current, stretches away under the slant rays of the sun like a long thread of silver, broken here and there by the curving course of the stream, but ever reappearing until it is at last lost in the distant horizon. In the opposite direction it winds back for many a mile with a mirror-like smoothness, but not so bright as toward the sun. The boat is making the best progress of the day. Everybody is on deck to enjoy the sunset, and the tedious delays of the morning and afternoon are forgotten in the general exhilaration of the moment. If the boat can only reach some friendly supply of fuel to replenish that exhausted in the slow progress of the day, the general contentment will be quite unalloyed.

Sunset has already begun, and one of those perfect sunsets it is which seem to be the exclusive right of the western prairie. Sinking slowly behind the sharp line of some distant eminence, the sun, as if tenacious of life, casts back its crimson halo over half the sky, and seems determined that if he must go he will not let his going be forgotten. Twilight approaches, the vast halo contracts about the place where the sun has disappeared, covers his line of retreat, and protects him from the vanguard of a new light that is already darting its silver rays after him from the east. But there has just burst forth another light, straight ahead and perhaps a mile or two away. The glad expressions of the crew soon

announce that it is the signal fire of some Indian or wood-chopper who has caught sight of the boat, and who thus informs the crew that his wood-pile is at their disposal. A half an hour more and the boat is moored under the huge bonfire, by the light of which the crew close their day's labors in transferring the seasoned wood from the shore to the boat. It is after nine o'clock, and they have already put in eighteen hours' work. They never seem to complain. It is a boatman's life and they uncomplainingly accept all its hardships. The tired passenger for his part settles down to a game of whist, thankful for present progress and hopeful for better on the morrow.

But let us return to our narrative. As soon as the practicability of navigating the Missouri river as far as Fort Benton was demonstrated, the destined importance of the latter place as a distributing and shipping point became at once apparent. Overland transportation routes were established from Benton in all directions. In 1862 a road was finished to Walla Walla, Washington Territory, across the intervening ranges of the Rockies. In other directions around Benton the open prairie rarely required any special road-work to make it passable for freight wagons. In 1864 the town site of Benton was laid out. It was not, however, till nearly the close of the civil war that the upper river business received its first great impulse. It was then that the exploration and settlement of the Rocky mountain region began to command serious attention. Gold had been discovered there. The famous Alder gulch and Helena placers were disclosing their fabulous wealth. A large immigration from the south, "the left wing of Price's army," was settling in western Montana. Military posts were being established and villages were springing up. There was a sudden call for mining implements, supplies, and all the varied catalogue of things which civilization must have. As yet the Missouri river was the only line of transportation from the states, and this had been shown, as already narrated, to be capable of carrying large steamboats almost to the foot of the falls. Fort Benton, from her condition as a trading post, became at once a most important and extensive distributing point. The steamboat arrivals, which had never exceeded in number four or five a year, in 1866 jumped to thirty-six, and on the eleventh day of June of that year this distant frontier village could boast of seeing seven steamers unloading their cargoes at her levee.

A general system of land transportation was inaugurated. The most important company was the "Diamond R," , as it was called. It was organized at Fort Benton by John C. Roe of St. Louis, and by various changes of ownership it passed into the hands of Montana men. It soon



became a great company with a complete organization of agents, issuing its bills of lading to all points both in and out of the territory. At one time it employed no less than twelve hundred oxen and four hundred mules, besides a large number of horses, and the sustenance of these draught animals during the working season is said to have been a source of no slight income to the small farmers of that section.

These were the halcyon days of Fort Benton. She soon became a wealthy town. Costly brick buildings were erected and business houses established; her trade, considering the size of the place, was simply phenomenal. To the traveler passing over the neighboring prairie, where the eye in all its vast range can discover no human habitation except, perhaps, some ranch house of the meanest construction, and coming suddenly to the brink of the river bluffs overlooking the town with its great business houses, its numerous banks, its large hotel, court-house, and school building, and a complete city government with a mayor, aldermen, and board of trade, it is a matter of unfeigned astonishment that such an aggregation of business should be found in such a place.

This period of prosperity continued without check until 1870, when the Union Pacific reached Ogden. A freight line four hundred and sixty-five miles long was at once established from this point to Helena. The check on the river transportation was, however, slight, and the latter continued to flourish until 1880 when, on the ninth day of March of that year, the Union Pacific (the Utah Northern) laid its first rail on Montana soil. This blow was soon followed by a heavier one in 1883 when the Northern Pacific line was completed. The Canadian Pacific was also well under way at the same time.

It will thus be seen that the vast country of which Fort Benton had been the distributing point was largely cut off by the railroads. The natural result of this state of things soon followed. River transportation dwindled. The steamboat companies prepared to close out their business and withdrew their boats to St. Louis for sale. The "Diamond R" Company began to sell off its stock, to the great discomfiture of the farmers to whom it had given a market for their produce. Still there was a considerable country for which Fort Benton was yet the most convenient market, and several steamers continued to ply between Bismarck and Benton until in 1887 the completion of the Manitoba road (now the Great Northern) from St. Paul to Helena dealt the final blow to the once great business of river transportation.

Not only at Fort Benton, but all along the river down to the mouth of the Yellowstone, the baleful effects of the railroads are painfully apparent.

The settlers along the bottoms, deserted by the steamboats, have sought the railroads, and their ranches are going to ruin. The deer and other wild game, once frightened away by the continual blast of the steam whistle, are now returning to their ancient pasture-grounds. The solitary woodman who in winter gathered his stock of fuel, certain of a market with the returning spring, and the genial tribe of boatmen whom the lively commerce of a quarter of a century reared up along the valley, alike bewail the sudden collapse of their fortunes. The lonely ranchman who still lingers in those parts has ceased to strain his eyes toward the depression in the eastern horizon where the great river runs into the sky, for he no longer sees the curling smoke which tells him that the first boat of spring is near and that the severe monotony of winter is at an end. Original wildness has regained her primeval empire. But for a few deserted huts and still fewer yet occupied, the wrecks of a few abandoned steamboats, the mutilated remains of works by which the government has sought to control the course of the turbulent river—and Lewis and Clarke might say that it was but yesterday they cordelled their boats up these same rapids through the changeless prairies of the undiscovered West.

Fort Benton thus stands, as she has stood since 1887, on an equal footing with other similar towns, the market for a small tract of surrounding country. Of course, her previous great prosperity has given her a present importance which she would probably not have had without it. Her future growth will surely depend upon different agencies than in the past. Many years will elapse before she will again see a thriving river commerce terminate at her levee. Her hope will be in the development of the country along the river; and could the river itself be made to contribute to that development, it would yet prove a greater blessing to Fort Benton than it has in the past. To see that great volume of water flowing down to the ocean while the rich prairie soil is parching in a rainless climate, makes one wish that the government, instead of spending its money to contract the river channel, would rather try to scatter the waters upon the adjoining lands. By a strange misapplication of terms, streams are often said to *water* the valleys through which they flow, as if the exact opposite were not generally the case. But what greater boon could be conferred upon the Missouri valley than to make this misapplied expression a true one even to the extent of draining the last drop from the river-bed? Here is a water-supply whose capacity for irrigation purposes is absolutely inexhaustible. No reservoirs are needed. Nature has herself built reservoirs in the ice-locked mountains where she holds the accumulated snows of winter, turning them into moisture and sending it to the valleys when

the soil-tiller's "need is the sorest." The question of thus utilizing the forces of nature may never, for many years certainly will not, receive serious attention. The river will flow on undisturbed by the state, except that from year to year a few dams and dikes and shore protections will be built, a few gravel bars dredged away, and a few snags removed, all to make way for a commerce which, in sufficient magnitude to justify governmental appropriations, exists only in the imagination. But the dwellers of the valley being periodically pacified by these paltry pittances from the public purse, the paramount problem of making the river build up that country and convert these arid and barren wastes into productive farm-lands will go on unsolved.

Yet who can doubt that this is the true office of the mighty stream to the valley through which it flows? A highway for commerce? Why, a single track railway along the valley, which could be built at a mere fraction of the expense of permanently "improving" the river, and which would be "navigable" the year round, would be of infinitely greater value as a highway for commerce than the river is likely ever to be. When a systematic project is adopted for the irrigation of the Missouri valley with the waters of the river itself, then and not till then will we see a revival of commerce along the valley. Then we shall see there thriving gardens and fields of grain like those that dot the foot-hills of the Rockies all over the great mountain region, while new villages will spring up, not to decay after a season of temporary prosperity, but to flourish permanently with a growth and activity equal to those of the palmiest days of Fort Benton.

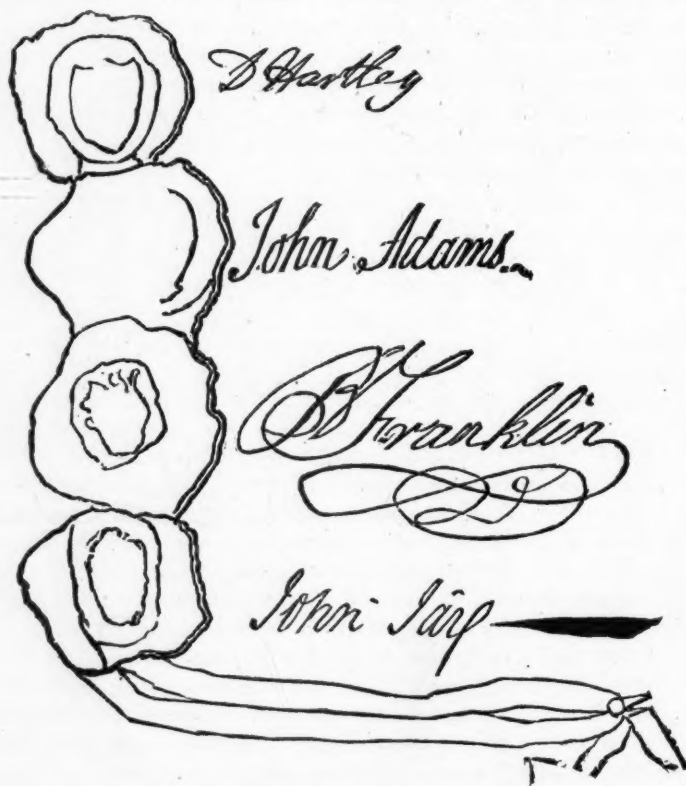
OMAHA, NEBRASKA.



## DAVID HARTLEY AND THE AMERICAN COLONIES

### ENGLAND'S SIGNER OF THE DEFINITIVE TREATY OF PEACE

The final act in the series of events which restored tranquillity to five great nations—and peace to the world—on the 3d of September, 1783, possesses a dramatic interest beyond the mere portraiture of the men who placed their autographs upon the notable document. We can see the



FAC-SIMILE OF THE SIGNATURES UPON THE DEFINITIVE TREATY OF PEACE.

[From the original in the State Department, Washington.]

vast British Empire, through its chosen representative, bowing to the divinity of a new liberty in a new world.

David Hartley had not only distinguished himself in parliament by his mediations for the good of America, but in all the differences of opinion attending the conduct of the war to overcome the Revolution had commanded the respect and confidence of contending parties about him. He was a statesman of learning, a man of well-known integrity, sincere without ostentation, of lofty benevolence, and belonged to the highest type of the old English cultured Christian gentleman. As champion of the rights of the colonists, he endeavored at all times, by personal effort and wise counsel, to soften the policy of England and to accord to America, through his deep sense of justice, the privileges that the people were clamorously demanding. It would appear from the history of the times that the home government, through its incoming and outgoing ministry, failed to discern the real trend of events. But David Hartley was early in the field with a petition to parliament asking that the grievances of the colonies, then deepening in tone and growing in number, be considered, and that such legislation be immediately entered upon as those grievances severally demanded. In support of his resolution, he said:\*

"For one hundred and fifty years the united colonies were left to themselves upon the fortune and caprice of private adventurers to encounter every difficulty and danger. During this period of their establishment in all the difficulties belonging separately to their situation, in all the Indian wars which did not immediately concern us, we left them to fight their own battles and to defend their own frontiers. We conquered no country for them; we purchased none; we cleared none; we drained none; nor did we make a foot of land in all the inhospitable wilderness—to which they at first retreated—habitable for them. What, then, did we do? Precisely nothing toward their support while in their state of infancy; but as they rose to be considerable by their own perseverance and by their unparalleled industry, we then began to keep watch over their increasing numbers, in order to secure the profits of their labor to ourselves; we took especial care that they should enjoy none of the advantages of a free commerce with other nations, but obliged them to receive their whole supplies from us at our own price, and upon our own terms. With regard to the great objects of commerce we permitted them to *do this* and forbid them to *do that*, just as it suited the caprice of the

\* This quotation from David Hartley's eloquent speech will be read with interest, as it is almost inaccessible at the present day.



ruling powers; but at the same time, in all our acts, the interest of *this* country was the avowed object.

Now, when they have surmounted the difficulties and begin to hold up their heads, and show a distant glimpse of that empire which promises to be the foremost in the world, we claim them as property without any consideration of their own rights, and as if they had been paupers bred up by national bounty and provided for by national expense. We arrogate to ourselves the sole direction of their political economy and the sole disposal of their well-earned property.

Moreover, it ought not to be forgotten that as soon as the rapid progress they had made in cultivation had discovered the value of American plantations, and had inspired rival nations with a desire of imitating their example and emulating their vigor and their industry, and that partly by policy and partly by force the enemy began to surround the ancient settlers and encroach upon their boundaries, that then, when the common interest made their cause a common cause, and war became necessary, they then, even in the opinion of this house, bore more than their proportion in that war, and were chiefly instrumental in its success; and so sensible was parliament at the time of the zeal and the strenuous exertions of the colonists that it actually voted considerable sums by way of compensation for their liberality and service. How strange, then, must it seem to them to hear nothing down to the year 1763 but encomiums on their *active zeal and strenuous efforts*, and no longer after than 1764 to find the tide turn, and from that year to this to hear it asserted that they were a burden upon the parent state, and that at least forty millions of the national debt were contracted on their account—an assertion as void of truth as of common sense.

It was not upon their account that the war was declared. It was not their trade, but the trade of Great Britain, that was at stake. Every ship from America is bound to Great Britain; none enter American ports but British ships and British subjects. Their cargoes are your cargoes, your manufactures, your commodities; their navigators your navigators, ready upon all occasions to man your fleets and strengthen your hands against whatever power dares to declare itself your enemy. Why, then, charge them with the expense of a war in which they were only your assistants, and in the spoils of which they had no participation? In the conquest of that war they never thought of declaring to you what to keep or what to give up, little dreaming that the expenses of the military governments that were reserved were to be charged to their account."

Mr. Hartley concluded by saying that "the sincerity of his intentions

# LETTERS

ON THE

## AMERICAN WAR.

ADDRESSED

To the Right Worshipful the Mayor and Corporation,

To the Worshipful the Wardens and Corporation

of the Trinity-House,

AND

To the Worthy Burgesses

of the Town of KINGSTON UPON HULL.

By DAVID HARTLEY, Esq;

MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT

For the Town of KINGSTON UPON HULL.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR ALMON, PICCADILLY; KEARSELEY, FLEET-STREET; DILLY,  
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MDCCLXXVIII.

and his zeal to prevent the effusion of fraternal blood were his best apology."

This speech was delivered in the house of commons a few months prior to the decision of the home government to secure by force what it had expected to accomplish purely by peaceful measures. At that very hour the councils of the colonies were in session to decide upon such action as the serious attitude of affairs seemed to demand; and, although quickened by the eloquence of Henry, Lee, Randolph, and by the graceful and persuasive Otis, Pendleton, Samuel Adams, Jefferson, by the commanding Rutledge, by Richard Bland unrivalled among his contemporaries as a logician, it is doubtful whether the principles for which they were struggling and risking their lives had on either continent a more vigorous advocate than David Hartley.

In looking over the debates in parliament, covering the period between 1775 and 1779 inclusive, and subjecting them to cool and unbiased criticism, it is exceptionally remarkable that a majority was secured for so many long years capable of defeating the appeals of the colonists, and so strangely indifferent to the eloquence and energy of their English friends. David Hartley was by no means alone in opposition to the policy of the crown; amid the noise and confusion of debate many influential voices were heard from time to time—that of Pitt, Fox, Chatham, Burke, and others—while in the house of lords America found staunch friends in Earl Grafton and Earl Richmond, Lords Rockingham and Camden. But the speeches of Hartley, and his letters on the American war, addressed to the mayor and corporation of Kingston-upon-Hull, privately printed at the time—an exceedingly rare work, with the author's autograph attached to each letter—comprehend some of the ablest and most convincing arguments of the period.

David Hartley was the descendant of a long line of scholarly and philanthropic men who were closely connected with the nobility of England. His father, Dr. David Hartley (born 1705, died 1752), was of world-wide celebrity as an author and a metaphysician. His great talents were specially directed to mental science, ethics, and theology. His work on the mind, entitled *Observations on Man*, on which his fame rests, occupied his thoughts for sixteen years. It was published in 1749. The intellectual atmosphere in which he lived, says an eminent English writer, was "that of Edmund Law, Warburton, Dr. Butler, and Jortin, who were his intimate associates and fellow-laborers, both in these fields and in that of ecclesiastical history." He was also the personal friend of Pope and Young. In person he was of medium size, fair complexion, with animated,

( 32 )

regiments over-running all America, that 50 or 60,000 men have been baffled for two years together; one entire army taken prisoners, the remainder retreating and besieged. Then we regret in vain, the headstrong folly of ministers, who have betrayed the unsuspecting confidence of Parliament, by their ignorance, arrogance and misrepresentations. The experiment has cost us the loss of America, with 30 or 40,000 men destroyed, and thirty or forty millions of money wasted, which even if it had procured success, would have been little better than ruin; but the final defeat after all, has brought the nation into disgrace, and has delivered us stript of our men and money, and of our best friends and resources, in almost a defenceless state, to the ancient rivals of our prosperity and honour. These sentiments have made a deep impression upon my mind, and conduct. Zealously attached to the honour of my country, I have lamented to see it fall a sacrifice, to the gratification of an ill-judged pride. Moderation and justice, are the truest guardians of national honour.

I am,  
With the greatest Respect  
and Consideration,  
GENTLEMEN,  
Your much obliged, and  
faithful humble Servant,

*D. Hartley.*

SODBURY,  
Sept. 13, 1778.

*To the Right Worshipful the Mayor and Corporation,  
To the Worshipful the Wardens and Corporation  
of the Trinity-house,*

A N D

*To the Worshy Burgeses  
Of the Town of KINGSTON UPON HULL.*

FAC-SIMILE OF THE CLOSING PAGE OF DAVID HARTLEY'S FIRST LETTER IN THE RARE WORK, OF WHICH NOT MORE THAN THREE COPIES ARE NOW KNOWN TO EXIST. THE TITLE-PAGE IN FAC-SIMILE APPEARS ON PRECEDING PAGE OF THIS NUMBER OF OUR MAGAZINE.

handsome, expressive features. He was polished and gay in society, eloquent in conversation, and in character singularly typical of the century in which he lived—always ready to aid and comfort others. He was a prac-



DR. DAVID HARTLEY, 1705-1752.

[From an exceedingly rare print.]

ting physician, and is said to have "exercised the healing art with anxious and equal fidelity to the poor and to the rich." His son David, who was to become so thoroughly associated with the destinies of America, was



born at Bath, England, in 1729. He grew into a thoughtful lad, and even in his tender years was the constant companion of his studious father, who embraced every opportunity to impress upon the young mind the reality of life and the necessity of crowning it with noble aims and deeds. He was graduated from Merton college, Oxford, and afterward became senior fellow of that institution. He had determined on a professional career, but subsequent events, many of which were of political character, together with the death of his father, prompted him to relinquish this purpose and devote his time and energies indirectly to the interests of the state, and directly to the welfare of our common humanity. As he advanced to middle life, while not diminishing his efforts to ameliorate the condition of the poor and suffering within his immediate reach, he consented to serve as a member of parliament for Kingston-upon-Hull, and was promptly elected. His abilities were soon recognized. He was honored with a membership of the committee on ways and means, a position which afforded him the coveted opportunity of learning the plans of the government, and of concentrating his best thought upon the future of the American colonies.

When the suggestion was made a little earlier in the history of the country to that astute servant of the kingdom, Sir Robert Walpole, that a direct tax should be laid upon the American people, not only did *he* regard such an act as extremely hazardous, but confessed he was wanting in moral courage to give it execution, and resolved to leave the enunciation and application of such a principle to one who had less regard for the commercial interests of England. Not that the colonists were opposed to the system of taxation: what they objected to was the right of England to impose taxes without the persons paying those taxes in some way having representation. They believed that parliament derived its authority from being a representative body, and it did not represent America; they were the subjects of the king, and occupied a portion of his domain—the wilderness of the West—a domain not under the control of parliament. It was right and proper that parliament should exercise the powers of legislation and of commercial control, but it should not meddle with the question of their internal taxes. The relation the colonists felt they sustained toward Great Britain was not one of distinct national councils, but a unit in sovereignty. America had as many separate parliaments as there were states, each sovereign within its limits, and all had one king; the authority therefore of a transatlantic parliament could not possibly be admitted. Unhappily this theory had found little support in England, and still less in the minds of those bearing the burdens of the government. As

a result of antagonistic views discussion was provoked in both lands at the same time far more intemperate than the occasion required, and seemingly with no purpose on the part of the home government to give the opinions expressed by the colonists just consideration. David Hartley maintained that taxation was proper and needed for the support of a government, but to tax a people for revenue without representation was an invasion of the most sacred rights, the logical outcome of which would minister to the destruction of an empire rather than to its preservation. Consideration should likewise be shown to a people who had extended the domain of a kingdom, and invested its arms with a new and brilliant lustre. It was right that troops should find a temporary home in a new land for the preservation of its border, and if needed for the due enforcement of authority, but their pay should not be derived from the people protected when the nation at large received the benefit. Nor were commercial interests to be lost sight of; in sharing those interests the immediate participants in the same should not be set at naught. The individual life among a new people should be shared at least by a part of the people, nor be wholly drawn off and made to flow in other channels; gains and successes involving great personal sacrifice should revert in a measure to the parties making that sacrifice. The growth and development of a people did not come from unrighteous oppression, but in allowing them the exercise of the fullest action under law, and a sense of responsibility. A mother is supposed to suckle and not rob her child of its life-giving energies. Prosperity should evoke consideration, not condemnation. Liberty is inherent, not conferred. In fact, the independence of the colonies, in Mr. Hartley's opinion, seemed to be a foregone conclusion from the time that he had given their claims his careful study. His words in this connection are impressive:

"With respect to the independence of America, I call it an inevitable case, because it is generally considered as an event which would be detrimental and dishonorable to this country. My own opinion is far otherwise. I think the friendship of America, which is now the rising world, and which will in a few short years be multiplied a hundred-fold, would be of infinite recompense in exchange for an irksome dominion, onerous to them, barren to us by our haughty and supercilious conduct, which will only bring us defeat and disgrace. If, instead of a suspicious and selfish system of administration toward our colonies, we had from the first taken them by the hand to lead them with paternal affection to natural greatness and independence, at the time of their maturity we should have fixed the hearts of America to ourselves forever. What have we now before us but

the prospect of defeat in the attempt to fix an irksome dominion perpetually upon them, with the loss of their affections, and of all those peculiar advantages which this country alone of all European states has derived from free and flourishing colonies, which would have been daily growing in magnitude and importance, in proportion to their boundless increase in the new world."

In an address to his constituents, who had become uneasy under the state of affairs, and many of whom had given moral support to the home government, he arraigned the ministry in the following terms:

"What crimes had America been guilty of? They had been condemned unheard, all their civil rights had been subordinated, their judges had been pensioned during pleasure, their juries had been garbled, the free debates of their assemblies had been controlled, their charters had been confiscated, their property had been taken from them. They had presumed to represent their grievances and to crave redress by their petitions. When all these addresses and petitions were rejected unheard, and they were attacked by force of arms, they did likewise presume according to the first law of nature to resist in their defense."

In a subsequent address, as more fully explanatory of his position, he remarked: "I beg to explain for myself, that in the very beginning of these troubles the question which influenced my conduct was the consideration of the injustice of the foundation of the war on the part of this country. I did, and do still, and ever shall, believe it to be unjust and contrary to the principles of the British Constitution to tax unrepresented colonies in a British parliament, who are to save the money of their constituents and of themselves in proportion as they tax those who are unrepresented; and this moreover without any consideration of the then existing monopoly of the American trade, which stood in the place of taxation and was a full equivalent. I say this because I would not have my denial of the fact attended with a long series of proofs, together with some apparent industry in the investigation, to imply on my part an admission of the criminality of the charge had it been true."

Lord Camden in 1776 laid before the house of lords a petition praying that it adopt such measures for the healing of the present unhappy dispute which had now grown to violence. Mr. Hartley in referring to that resolution observed: "I think if any one fact can more unequivocally bring to test the vindictive, relentless, and inexorable spirit which dictated the sanguinary measures of administration against America, it is the non-compliance with a proposition so equitable as this was. The refusal was the clearest declaration for unconditional submission or no peace. It is

that vindictive spirit which condemns without trial, confiscates their public charters and private property unheard, rejects their petitions and remonstrances, contemns their offers of peace and constitutional dependence, sends an army of fifty thousand men to cut their throats, with negroes and savages to assassinate and murder them. It is that vindictive spirit which, devoid of every human feeling due to fellow-creatures as well as to subjects, will not even deign to tell them what submission it is that is required of them."

Did America in the formative period of her government have a better friend or a more determined advocate? In the month of May, 1777, he drew up a petition to the king pleading with his fellow commoners to "make a gift of independence to the Americans, and the immediate suppression of hostilities." Both the ministry and the commons, however, remained deaf to this appeal. Among other expressions on this memorable occasion, the following is to the point: "The ministry give what garbled evidence they please, they suppress evidence likewise at their discretion. If any documents are moved which might be explanatory of the views, tempers, forces, connections, public proceedings, numbers, and disposition of the persons discontented and in arms, any such motion is sure of meeting with a negative. If a hint is dropped that the Americans are cowards, that they are wretched and helpless, that they are discontented with their leaders, that two or three regiments would subdue the whole country, that the king's standard once being set up the whole body of the people would fly to it, or any other of the many fallacies which have led us into disappointment and disgrace, a confident majority would not brook any doubt." At a later date Mr. Hartley said: "What restitution shall now be thought due to America for all the blood of theirs which ministers have cruelly and wantonly shed, and for all the devastation which they have committed to the utmost stretch of indignant fury! If the magnanimity and the justice of the British nation be not extinguished; if the agonies of childless parents, the desolation of widows, and tears of orphans can touch the feelings of their heart; if the bitter woes of cruel and unmerited injuries committed upon the defendants of their own blood can move them to vindicate the violated rights of humanity against the devices of wicked ministers and cruel counsellors; if the ties of common interest and consanguinity were ever dear to them, or if the renewal of friendships and fraternal affection be still grateful to their hearts, hear the last and just appeal of America."

The speeches of Mr. Hartley during this troublesome period, troublesome alike to the colonists as to the parent government, abound in similar

expressions and are colored with the same inflexible courage. While the war proceeded, few questions of more importance came before both governments than the exchange of prisoners taken upon the high seas. Early in 1777 England was informed by the continental commission that more than one hundred British seamen prisoners were under their control, and sought to know whether an exchange could be agreed upon, the more so as many of the Americans taken by his Majesty's forces were suffering treatment inconsistent with the rules of war. Lord Stormont replied to the commission, "The king's ambassador receives no application from rebels unless they come to implore his Majesty's mercy." With true American spirit, this reply was returned to Lord Stormont as an indecent paper, and for mature consideration.

The theory advanced by the English government was that American sailors were not held by them as prisoners-of-war, but every one of them was confined upon a writ, issued by a magistrate, for high treason. This problem was attended with severe difficulties on the part of the colonies, from want of ships to confine captives, and the unwillingness of France to lodge them on her shores: Later, France granted this privilege, to the inexpressible relief and happiness both of the colonial government and the unfortunate prisoners. As these prisoners numbered about one thousand, and were giving the government of France some uneasiness, Franklin, then within her borders, wrote to Mr. Hartley stating, with some warmth, their plight, and asking "if he would not take into his hands the distribution, among those who needed it most, of a sum of money, or, failing that, if he could not engage somebody else to do so." With characteristic promptness and energy, Mr. Hartley entered upon this service, and wrote to Dr. Franklin in reply on Christmas day (1777), as follows:

"A correspondence set on foot with a view of procuring relief to the unfortunate prisoners on each side, and of setting a new example of benevolence to the world—to civilize even the laws of war when the case will admit—is not only irreproachable, but stands in the highest degree of humanity and merit. Such a proposition recommends itself to a reception with a double share of goodness and alacrity, not only for the humanity of the immediate objects, the softening the rigors of captivity, but likewise for the further and more enlarged view of consequences, introducing one act of communication between this country and America which shall not be a matter of exasperation. Mutual acts of generosity and benevolence may soften animosities, and, by disposing the respective parties to a favorable opinion of each other, may contribute to bring forward some reasonable plan of accommodation. Upon these views and principles, I



have made application to Lord North, that the two parties shall mutually send or employ a commissioner to take care of the unfortunate prisoners. I did my endeavor to recommend it to government as a national act of generosity and liberality, to be avowed as such in preference to any private subscription for their relief, however large or munificent, from a full conviction (whatever may be the fate of war) that acts of national kindness and generosity alone can make any impression on the heart of America. I am now expecting with anxiety the event of my application, which I will subjoin to this so soon as I receive it."

A full year passed before anything was practically done by which the parties interested obtained the desired relief. In the meantime Mr. Hartley visited Paris with the idea of talking with Dr. Franklin on the topic of peace, when he assured him he had the most serious hope that the efforts which he had made in behalf of America's prisoners would prevail.

A few months after his return to England he wrote thus to Dr. Franklin:

"June 5, 1778.

I hope we shall at length get forward with our exchange of the poor prisoners which has been so many months in negotiation. I am authorized by the administration and the board of admiralty to make the following proposition: That you send to me the number and rank of the prisoners which you have on your side to deliver, upon which an equal number shall be prepared for the exchange on this side. It proposed that each party shall send their prisoners to Calais, and there the exchange be made. Be so good as to send me your answer upon this proposition, which I will lay before the board of admiralty, and will contribute all that is in my power to facilitate the exchange."

This correspondence between Hartley and Franklin is most interesting not only as a matter of history, but in revealing the great sympathy and tenderness cherished by these two distinguished philanthropists for the oppressed and unfortunate of both nationalities. That the hopes of both, though greatly retarded, were fully realized, the following letter of Dr. Franklin to Mr. Hartley plainly records: "The first cargo of prisoners is arrived and exchanged. . . . Accept my thanks for your unwearied pains in this affair. Let me know if you can whether it is intended to send another hundred immediately. . . . In this case I should assemble from the different prisons those who are to be returned for them, that the cartel ship may find them ready and not be obliged to wait for them. We have still a great number in Spain."

After the defeat of Burgoyne and during the negotiations for the French treaty, concluding that now a favorable hour had arrived for granting to America what she had so frequently demanded, Hartley wrote further to Dr. Franklin, asking whether the moment had not come for the colonies to make some specific proposition to parliament, with assurances appended to the same that they should be carried out. Even if preliminaries could be entered upon sufficient to warrant the suspension of hostilities, he believed that there was such a lurking affection between the two nations as would result in overtures of peace and reconciliation. He felt also that if such a purpose was secretly made known, if not advanced enough for publicity, nothing but good would be the fruit thereof. When subsequently Lord North brought in two bills (February 17, 1778), one declaratory regarding taxation, and the other appointing commissioners with considerable powers to treat with congress the provincial assemblies, Washington and others, the scheme was received with jeers from the opposition, and with surprise and dejection even by Lord North's own supporters. Mr. Hartley seized the opportunity, however, to enter upon a new correspondence with Franklin. He writes:

"I told you that better times would come. They are come. . . . I hardly can describe to you the substance of what passed in the house of commons last night. Lord North came before the house in explanation of his proposition, in which he has done justice to those dispositions for peace and for a settlement of America.

If the bill corresponds to what has been announced it will give full powers to the commissioners for a cessation of hostilities, treaty, peace and perpetual union with America. . . . He gave me full assurance that I shall not be interrupted in any correspondence with you. He told me that I could not serve my country more essentially than by cultivating every intercourse which might forward peace. He expressed his full approbation of my going to Paris to have a conference with you. I am confident that peace is now practicable."

As a result of this correspondence, and still having uppermost in his mind the interests of the colonies, Mr. Hartley visited Dr. Franklin. Among other matters discussed, Dr. Franklin was asked whether America, to obtain peace, would grant superior advantage to Great Britain, and enter into an alliance offensive and defensive; also, in case of war against France, would America ally with England? On Mr. Hartley's return to London for further official advice, he formulated a proposition under six heads and submitted it to Dr. Franklin for consideration. Proposition first was to withdraw all the fleets and armies; second, to proclaim

a cessation of all hostilities both by sea and land for five years; third, all prisoners on either side to be discharged immediately; fourth, a free and open trade to be established without any molestation on either side whatever; fifth, all mutual intercourse and mutual nationalization to be restored as formerly between Great Britain and North America; and lastly, a treaty of peace, alliance, and commerce to be negotiated between the two countries. For valid reasons Dr. Franklin declined the above propositions, bade for the time a most affectionate adieu to Mr. Hartley, and awaited for terms more in consonance with what he believed America, and not what England, might propose.

During the early months of 1782, when there was much skirmishing by the English government in relation to a contemplated peace with America, Hartley and Franklin were in constant correspondence. The following letter from Franklin, in possession of the Hartley family, is of interest:

"Passy, Sept. 8, 1782.

My Dear Friend:

I wrote you this morning, enclosing three letters for friends in England. If you have not yet started I know that you will be gratified to hear that his Majesty's ultimate instructions, of which I have been in possession some days, but just now is a secret, are most favorable for peace.

The 4th article reads, in case you find the American commissioners not at liberty to treat on any terms short of Independence, you are to declare to them you have authority to make that concession. To so sincere a lover of mankind, this to *you* will indeed be gratifying news.

With esteem and affection, I am, my dear friend,

Ever yours,

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

David Hartley, Esq. M. P."

October, 1782, was finally devoted to the subject in earnest, and at the request of Franklin, Jay drew up the articles of peace. Several months were consumed in negotiating the "preliminaries." The provisional treaty was signed in January, 1783, by the ministers of the three nations—France, England, and Spain—and the American commissioners.

A definite treaty between Great Britain and America was now in order, and it is not surprising that David Hartley should have been selected by his sovereign to conclude the negotiations on the part of Great Britain, and consummate the final triumph which his own persistent efforts had contributed so largely to accomplish. Fox wrote to Franklin, April 19,

1783, that Hartley had "the full and entire confidence of his Majesty's ministers upon the subject of the mission." His appointment was most acceptable to all parties. John Adams said "Hartley's commission under the king's own hand was very magnificent." It bore the great seal in a silver box, the king's arms engraven on it, and ornamented with two huge golden tassels. He presented it to the American commission, assembled in Mr. Adams's rooms in Paris, May 19, 1783.

For three months the representatives of the two nations worked diligently—the new empire, comprehending territory greater than that of all Europe, must necessarily have time to adjust a commercial system of its own. The final action of all the courts and nations waited on the issue of America's negotiations with England. About the middle of August Hartley received definite instructions from his court, and when France and Spain had, on the 29th of the same month, declared their preparations complete, the arrangements were made for the Americans to assemble in Mr. Hartley's apartments, and the definitive treaty of peace was signed by Mr. Hartley, John Adams, Dr. Franklin, and John Jay, on the 3d of September. What this important treaty involves, the rights and privileges it confers, and the principle it acknowledges, are well known to every informed student of general history. It should ever be remembered in this connection that, on the ratification of this treaty, not only was America preserved from the designs of neighbors who coveted her domain, but saved also from the necessity of seeking foreign alliances for safety, and left absolutely free to form and perfect such a national government as her peculiar conditions required, and whatever the wisdom of her people might be able to suggest.

Mr. Hartley's sagacity, zeal, and unflinching devotion to the rights of conscience and of liberty were greatly appreciated by the American commissioners. Franklin wrote him just before facing the perils of his homeward voyage:

"Passy, July 5, 1785.

To David Hartley, Esq., M.P.

I cannot quit the coast of Europe without taking leave of my ever dear friend Mr. Hartley. We were long fellow labourers in the best of all works, the work of peace. I leave you still in the field, but having finished my day's task I am going home to *go to bed*: wish me a good night's rest as I do you a pleasant evening. Adieu! and believe me as ever yours most affectionately,

B. FRANKLIN  
in his 80th Year."

On the 27th of October, 1785, Franklin wrote to Mr. Hartley from his Philadelphia home, acknowledging a gift, saying: "I received from Havre de Grace six copies of your print, which I have brought with me hither. I shall send one to Mr. Jay, and give the others among some friends who esteem and respect you as I do."

These six large mezzotint prints were engraved after the painting by Romney, which represents Hartley seated by a table, on which lies the definitive treaty of peace, his right hand resting near the scroll, in the background the pen and ink with which he is about to write his autograph; from one of these prints, in possession of the writer, the portrait is made which accompanies this article—as the frontispiece to the magazine.

Mr. Hartley's friendship and admiration for Mr. Jay, with whom he was frequently in correspondence respecting American affairs, were most cordial and enduring, of which the following letter is an illustration:

"London, March 2d, 1784.

My dear Sir:

I return you my best thanks for your much esteemed favor of 22d of February last and particularly for those very friendly sentiments which you are so good as to express towards me. I assure you that similar sentiments are most sincerely reciprocal on my part. Your public and private conduct has impressed me with unalterable esteem for you as a public and private friend. I shall be very sorry to be deprived of any opportunity of seeing you before your departure for America, but I am in hopes that your ratifications may arrive time enough to give me an opportunity of exchanging the British ratifications with you personally as well as with our other friends. The real pleasure it would give me to see you again before your departure is an additional motive of anxiety to me to wish the speedy arrival of the American ratification. Upon the earliest notice of such arrival I shall immediately apply for the dispatch of our ratification: if I should not have the good fortune to see you again I hope you will always think of me as eternally and unalterably attached to the principles of renewing and establishing the most intimate connexion of amity, intercourse and alliance between our two countries.

I presume that the subject of American intercourse will soon be resumed in parliament as the term of the present act approaches to its expiration. The resumption of this subject in parliament will probably give ground to some specific negociation—you know my sentiments already. As to the little matters of money which you mention in your letter I will take and settle them. I thank you for your enquiries concerning my



sister. She continues much in the same way as when you were at Bath—that is to say as we hope in a fair way of final recovery though very slowly. My brother is very well and returns you thanks for your obliging remembrance of him: he joins with me in sincere good wishes to yourself and family and to the renovation of all those ties of consanguinity and friendship which have for ages been interwoven between our respective countries.

I am, Dear Sir, your very sincere  
& obliged friend D. HARTLEY.

P. S. I beg my particular compliments & good wishes may be expressed for me to Mrs. Jay, and for all her present and future connexions and concerns in life, & to our venerable old friend Moses."

During the public life of Mr. Hartley the horrors of the African slave traffic awakened attention in England, and many philanthropists were engaged in trying to solve the problem of how to check its progress. In later days some of them saw the reward of their efforts and the fulfillment of their highest hopes. But what Wilberforce and even Pitt and Brougham debated and enforced with imperishable words, Mr. Hartley originated. He was the first to move in the house of commons that the African slave-trade be abolished, "as a violation of the laws of God and the rights of man," and the fire which he kindled has never died out. Freedom is Heaven's gift to man, the inheritance of the race, and sooner or later all people, of whatever zone or nationality, shall know its blessings. Mr. Hartley was an untiring student of the sciences, and wrote several works of importance, of which "*An account of some experiments made with plate, the description of the manner of application, and an estimate of the expense,*" was published in 1776, and "*An account of the method of securing buildings and ships against fire, as presented to his Majesty,*" arrested the attention both of the government and the public, and led to the formation of measures friendly to safety and human life. In similar studies and philosophic investigations he devoted the closing years of his life. He died at Bath in 1813, aged eighty-four.

Mr. Hartley was a large, fine-looking man, of imposing presence, amiable, gentle, dignified, and of courtly and pleasing address. His long fellowship with the eminence, erudition, and statesmanship of his day rendered him an exceptionally agreeable companion. While corresponding with Franklin in the early part of their acquaintance, in his efforts to prevent a needless war, John Adams went so far as to intimate that he was simply an English spy, and cautioned the American commissioners against communication

with him. Nothing that he ever did, however, justified any such suspicion. While loyal to his government, and anxious and proud wheresoever its influence became extended, he would never purchase such desirable attainments by any form of duplicity. Falsehood and deception may have their missions, but in his judgment not even a kingdom should be secured by a wrong. Truth was no mean pillar in holding up the world. His convictions were always deeply grounded, and the product of generous, pure, and conscientious thought.

The happiness and prosperity of our common humanity were the most potent factors in his creed. In one special feature he was distinguished above all his contemporaries who supported or controverted his views—that was in the melody of his voice: amid the excitement of debate and throes of feeling, he never forgot that words were as fully entitled to a rich garb and musical utterance as when speaking on milder and less important occasions. In this respect he challenged the admiration of his foes as forcibly as he won the applause of his friends. In his charities he was liberal, discriminating, and systematic, and he rejoiced when any cause involving true benevolence was brought to his notice. His sympathies were always on the side of the oppressed, and he labored with enthusiasm wherever any great and permanent good was likely to be accomplished, and in every field of endeavor he was preëminently loyal to his convictions. Under the principles which he so heroically avowed in parliamentary halls America has indeed become what he predicted—"the Rising World."

A large, elegant handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Joseph M. Hartley". The signature is written in dark ink and features a prominent, sweeping flourish at the end.

## THE INSTITUTION OF THANKSGIVING DAY, 1623

### GROWTH OF BOSTON ANTICIPATED

As "Thanksgiving" has now become a national festival, the manner in which it was first instituted has a peculiar interest. In the autumn of 1623, after the fruits of the harvest were gathered in, Governor Bradford sent out a company for game, to furnish dainty materials for a feast. God had blessed their labors, and this was to be a feast of thanksgiving. So they met together and thanked God with all their hearts for the good world and the good things in it.\*

The Puritans felt the vast importance of sacred things, and were strenuous in carrying out their principles. They were careful to leave off labor at three o'clock on Saturday afternoon to prepare for the Sabbath. They went to church, heard sermons twice a day, each two hours long, heard prayers and sang psalms of proportionate length, and enjoyed it. The tithing-man passed round with his staff of office, on the one end of which was a brass ball, on the other a tuft of feathers: with the former he tapped the heads of the men who fell asleep during the sermon; with the latter he gently tickled the faces of the drowsy women.

They were not (in 1645) so democratic as to make no distinctions in social life. The term "gentleman" was seldom used; the well-born and the well-bred by courtesy received the title of *Mr.*, while the common folk were dignified with that of *Goodman* or *Goody*. These titles were sometimes taken away by the court as a punishment. It is recorded that *Mr.* Josias Plaistow robbed an Indian of corn, for which he was sentenced to lose his title of *Mr.*, and thenceforth to be known only as *Josias*. Their luxuries were few indeed, but the women prized none more highly than that of *tea*. In those days it was customary for them to carry their own china cup and saucer and spoon to visiting parties. To be the possessor of a "tea equipage of silver," was deemed a worldly desire, to be sure, but not of an objectionable kind; it was commendable.

The people were prosperous. Industry and self-denial had wrought wonders. Says an enthusiastic chronicler of the times: "The Lord hath been pleased to turn all the wigwams, huts, and hovels the English dwelt

\* From the excellent *Concise History of the American People*, by Jacob Harris Patton, A.M., Ph.D., published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

in at their first coming, into orderly, fair, and well-built houses, well furnished many of them, with orchards filled with goodly fruit-trees, and garden flowers." The people had numerous cattle and herds of sheep and swine, and plenty of poultry; their fields produced an abundance of wheat, rye, oats, barley, and Indian corn; and they could furnish fish, lumber, and many commodities for export. "This poor wilderness hath equalized England in food, and goes beyond it for the plenty of wine; and apples, pears, quince-tarts, instead of their former pumpkin pies. Good white and wheaten bread is no dainty; the poorest person in the country hath a house and land of his own, and bread of his own growing—if not some cattle."

These good things were not obtained without labor. Of the thirty-two trades carried on, the most successful were those of the coopers, tanners, shoemakers, and ship-builders. "Many fair ships and lesser vessels, barques, and ketches were built." Thus the chronicler anticipates the growth of Boston, which, "of a poor country village, is become like unto a small city; its buildings beautiful and large—some fairly set with brick, tile, stone, and slate—orderly placed, with comely streets, whose continual enlargement presageth some sumptuous city." They had their soldiers, too, and a "very gallant horse troop," each one of which had by him "powder, bullets, and match." Their enemies were graciously warned that these soldiers "were all experienced in the deliverances of the Lord from the mouth of the lion and the paw of the bear."

Though there has been associated with these colonists a certain austere manner, chilling the heart of cheerfulness, yet let it not be forgotten they had their innocent pleasure parties, especially when the neighbors joined to aid each other in harvest-time or in house-raising. The farmers and their families were accustomed to go in groups at least once a year to spend a season at the sea-shore and supply themselves with salt and fish. They usually went at the close of harvest, when the weather was suitable for camping out. If they rejected the festival of *Christmas* as a "relic of Popery," they instituted *Thanksgiving*, and enjoyed it with as much relish as the entire nation does to-day.

*Jacob Harris Patton*

## LA SALLE'S HOMESTEAD AT LACHINE

Where is that block of four hundred and twenty acres of land on the lower Lachine road, reserved in 1666 by Robert Cavelier Sieur de la Salle as a homestead for himself? \*

Samuel de Champlain established while governor of French Canada, between the years 1609 and 1615, three fur trading posts; one at Tadousac, one at Three Rivers, the other at the head of the Lachine rapids, the old Sault St. Louis, which for nearly fifty years was the most important trading post in the whole colony. This was about thirty years before the foundation in 1642 of Montreal by Maisonneuve, and fully fifty years before the appearance of La Salle at Lachine. The post established by Champlain at the head of the rapids was built upon the present Fraser homestead farm, on the exact site where the ruins of Fort Cuillerier may now be seen, ruins which have been often designated as those of La Salle's home. Close by stood the old English king's posts, the most celebrated military point in Canada during the war of 1812, the transferring post of navigation prior to the building of the Lachine canal. Every British soldier, every British regiment sailed westward in bateaux from this post and returned here at the end of the war. A full account of the post and of all the buildings about it at the time of its evacuation in 1826, was given in my *Sixth Summer Morning Walk around Montreal*.

The writer is one of the very few now living who can recall and picture in its almost primeval beauty the shore of the St. Lawrence river from the foot of the La Salle common to the Windmill point. The scene within these two short miles embraces the La Salle common of 1666, the English king's posts of 1812, the intended homestead of La Salle, the ruins of Fort Cuillerier built on the site of Champlain's fur trading post of 1615, the old Penner farm, the St. Lawrence bridge, and the present novitiate of the Fathers Oblats built on the spot on which Fort Remy of 1689 stood—within the ground of the palisaded village of old Lachine laid out by La Salle in 1666. There is not another historic two miles on the whole river front of the noble St. Lawrence from Gaspé to Kingston to compare with this in its interesting places connected with the early history of Canada.

\* The priests of the seminary of St. Sulpice, feudal owners of the island of Montreal, granted La Salle a tract of land at an exposed and dangerous place, to which, in mockery of his schemes, was afterward given the nickname of Lachine. These schemes involved no less than the discovery of a way to China across the American continent.—EDITOR.



All Canadian readers, and others who take an interest in La Salle, will be pleased to know that in placing before the public an account of this property in 1884 I offered the site for a monument, still open to public acceptance. Canadians should bestir themselves and do something worthy the memory of so great a man, the brightest figure either in Canadian or American history. Lachine is the only place in Canada in which he had a home. Two, and a quarter centuries ago this Frenchman, then an adventurous youth, left Lachine in his bark canoe on a romantic voyage of discovery. He traversed, or rather coasted, all our great inland lakes, traveled through dense forests untrod by civilized man, sailed down turbulent and unknown rivers, even reaching the mouth of the grand Mississippi. Where does history exhibit another such a character? Canada should be proud to do honor to her La Salle, and Canadians should vie with each other in paying a tribute of respect to his memory. Truly La Salle has left his footprints on the sands of Canada. Will Canadians allow them to be blotted out?

La Salle, it is true, needs no monument along our river. No storied urn, no animated bust, to perpetuate or transmit to future generations the great deeds of his life. This whole northern continent of America, boundless and vast, bears unmistakable traces of his travels. His discoveries and explorations were all made in the interest of old France, the land of his birth, the country he loved. Therefore, so long as the noble St. Lawrence winds its course seaward and our great inland lakes exist as feeders thereof, or the great and broad Mississippi rolls its mighty waters to the main, these river banks and lake shores, if all else were mute, will silently testify to the memory of that youthful hero.

Scotchmen above all men are jealous of family traditions, holding them nearly as sacred as Holy Writ. When this homestead came into the possession of my grandfather in 1814, the interesting tradition was handed down to him through the former French occupants, the Cuilleriers, the Lapromenades, and others, that on the exact site where then stood in 1814, and still stand the ruins of Fort Cuillerier, was Champlain's fur trading post of 1615, and that the three farms of the present Fraser estate, having a frontage on the lower Lachine road of nine acres by a depth of forty-six and two-third acres, a block of four hundred and twenty acres of land bordering and adjoining the La Salle common of two hundred acres, was the veritable four hundred and twenty acres reserved in 1666 by La Salle as a homestead for himself. These three farms of the present Fraser estate are still intact, the common adjoining them is still well known, and the ruins of Fort Cuillerier built on the site of Champlain's fur post exist to

mark the spot. I maintain that these farms comprise the actual block of land selected by La Salle. No other on the road named between the eastern boundary of the old English king's post and the present Windmill has any pretensions to being called La Salle's intended homestead, except this one particular block. It is not to be supposed La Salle lived altogether at his intended homestead during his short residence in Canada of three years. He was preparing it for a permanent home, and dwelt part of his time in a log house in his palisaded village, a fifteen minutes' walk distant, or thereabouts. Our best authority on Canadian history, particularly on old French Canada, is Parkman. He says, "La Salle set apart a common two hundred arpents in extent, for the use of the settlers, on condition of the payment by each of five sous a year. He reserved four hundred and twenty arpents for his own personal domain. He had traced out the circuit of a palisaded village and assigned to each settler half an arpent, or about the third of an acre, within the enclosure." These facts cannot be disputed; the reserved homestead must have been as well-known to La Salle himself as the common ground is now publicly known, and to a man of La Salle's taste for the beautiful, what more attractive spot could he have chosen? Here, be it remembered, was a trading post fifty years old, and the most important one on the continent.

Between the years 1673 and 1676 Cuillerier converted the old fur post into a fort constructed of wood, and later on, between 1689 and 1713, the present stone building was constructed and used as a trading post by the Cuilleriers. At this important place in 1689 Vaudreuil on his return from the scene of the massacre of Lachine rested with his five hundred men before going to Montreal. Imagination fondly stoops to trace the picture of those far-off days nearly three centuries ago, when Champlain stood at the foot of the present Fraser hill, at the head of that once beautiful little bay—now destroyed by the water works' basin—which stretched down to the eastern boundary of the English king's posts, and was the first smooth water from which a canoe could shoot out to reach the channel of the river above the rapids. We see him surrounded by his escort band of wild Iroquois, their canoes hauled up on the quiet shore beneath the shade of the far-spreading primeval elms, ready to embark, to sail down the Lachine rapids. There was not a foundation stone then laid in this now great city of Montreal. The novelty and the excitement of the perilous voyage must have made him oblivious to its danger.

La Salle was seigneur of Lachine and the founder of the palisaded village consisting of fourteen acres, seven acres front by two deep, between the present crossroad and the windmill. To this village he transferred

the fur-trading business from Champlain's old fur post. But from all we can gather it does not appear that La Salle was a man of business or of trade. Jean Millot, a trader of Ville Marie, Montreal, was the leading spirit and afterwards purchased La Salle's rights to the village. It is a curious fact that after La Salle departed and the attempt by Millot to establish the fur trade in the palisaded village had failed, Cuillerier arrived and re-established the business at Champlain's old post, and the Cuilleriers and their successors carried it on for nearly a century. There is not now, and there has not been for the past hundred years, a vestige remaining of the "palisaded village" of 1666; buildings and palisades were all constructed of wood, and have long ago crumbled and mingled with the dust of ages.

Who planted those almost giant pear-trees, said to have been two hundred years old in 1814, when my grandfather took possession of this old homestead? How old were they in La Salle's day, and did he partake of their fruit? They must have been planted by the people in charge of Champlain's trading post long before the days of the Cuilleriers. I can easily mark the spots on which fifty-two of these trees stood in my young years. One was so large and so open in the heart that the largest man on the farm could stand upright inside of it. I have never since seen elsewhere such pears—French pears—as that tree bore. They ripened about the middle of August, and the *pomme gries* were double the size of any now produced; the *famues*, and the *Bourasa* with its leather-like skin, were a treat in midwinter; and the *bon Chretien* pear was delicious.

During my grandfather's lifetime, as well as my father's, this old home was known to every Highlander in Canada and the far north. It was the resort of the Scotch gentlemen of the Hudson Bay company; and the Simpsons, the Raes, Mackenzies, Mackays, Keiths, Rowands, and McTavishes, for some years during my mother's life used to walk down to the old homestead on a Sunday afternoon, after service in the Scotch kirk, to enjoy a real Highland treat of "curds and cream and oaten bread," with pears and apples in season. And the young gentlemen could there expatiate freely over the scenes of their early homes in the Highlands of Scotland, in their own mother tongue, the Gaelic. My mother was courteous to them because she had a brother, Paul Fraser, serving in the northwest, who afterwards became a chief factor in the Hudson Bay company. The Highlanders of Glengarry made this their stopping-place when they came down to Montreal in winter-time with their sleigh-loads of butter and pork. I have seen six double sleighs arrive at once. The men would leave their loads until they found sale for them in Montreal, then drive in and

deliver the goods. There was always plenty of food for man and beast, with a true Highland welcome. Such were the grand old days of Canadian hospitality. Captain Allan, the father of all the Allans and the founder of the Allan's line of steamers, for several years paid annual visits to the old Fraser home, obtaining his supplies of *pomme gries*, which he carried to Glasgow, then to the West Indies, back again to Glasgow, and to Montreal the following spring, the apples keeping quite sound. Few people are now living who saw that antique homestead before the west end kitchen addition was built in 1829, with its "Normandy stairway" (outside) and its old French window, or door, opening into the flower garden and pear orchard. The old "slave house" stood within thirty feet, to the west of the house; and the stone building now used as a barn, standing behind the house, was a mystery to all visitors, as it had gun-holes on the front, rear, and sides. It was formerly a storehouse we suppose, but why the gun-holes? There were remains of palisades behind that old building, which ran down to the rear of the ruins of Fort Cuillerier. The front of the farm, three acres by two in depth, must have been palisaded in 1689, when Vaudreuil encamped there with his five hundred men the night after the massacre of Lachine. The old stone wall, ten feet high, three acres in front by four deep, seems to have been built in the days of the Cuilleriers.

The writer is preparing, after an absence of nearly fifty years, to return to the old homestead, to seek shelter within its antiquated walls, to live under the shadow of its far-spreading ancestral elms, and to watch over the growth of a promising young pear orchard, as the exiled Acadians of old returned to live and die amid the scenes of their young days upon the shores of the Basin of Minas.

John Fraser

## A TYPICAL OLD-TIME MINISTER

REV. BENJAMIN TAPPAN, 1720-1790

The Puritan minister was a marked man in his day and generation. There was about him something of that "divinity that doth hedge a king." He was the centre not only of the religious but of the intellectual and educational influences of the neighborhood. Distinguished from his fellow-citizens by a clerical garb, and usually characterized by a dignified not to say somewhat austere bearing, he was universally respected, and by many, more especially of the younger sort, held in something like awe.

The ministers of the Puritan churches were required to be college-educated men, and were thus placed at quite a remove from the major part of the community in an age when opportunities even of a common-school education were limited. They were often, too, men of wealthy or aristocratic connections, and generally persons of weight of character. Their position in the community, their influence in public affairs, and their life-long term of settlement served to make them a distinct class, especially in the country towns. Accustomed to a deference which it is almost impossible for us to conceive, it is no wonder if their manners seemed sometimes haughty and repellent, except with equals or near friends.\* They were men, however, almost without exception, who did honor to their profession by their studious, frugal, exemplary lives. As a rule, they were

"The support and ornament of virtue's cause."

If here and there one found entrance into the ministry whose abilities were below mediocrity, there were others, like Thomas Shepard of Cambridge and Nathaniel Ward of Agawam, whose scholarship was known and recognized not only throughout the colonies but in the mother country, and who were the peers of jurists and statesmen. On the whole, the Puritan ministry was entitled to the veneration which was accorded it.

\* *Memoir of the Rev. Samuel Hidden, Tamworth, N. H., ord. 1792.* "At one time, going to Ossipee to preach, he passed some men laboring near the roadside. They saw him passing, and took off their hats in token of respect. One man, however, did not observe him until he had passed beyond him. He felt that he had offered an indignity to the man of God. Observing Mr. Hidden to stop some ways beyond to converse with a stranger, he ran along the field beyond him, and there busied himself until he should pass by. Soon he rode up, and the man made a most respectful bow, 'hat in hand.'"



The Rev. Benjamin Tappan of Manchester, Essex county, Massachusetts, whose ministry of forty-five years closed by his death one hundred years ago, was a good representative of the best type of a Puritan clergyman. He was the son of Samuel Toppan of Newbury, Massachusetts, born in 1720.\* He was graduated from Harvard college when it was a veritable "school of the prophets," in 1742, settled at Manchester as successor to Rev. Ames Cheever, December 11, 1745, and died May 6, 1790.† As in all similar instances in that province at the time, and for many years afterward, Mr. Tappan was called and settled by vote of the town. The time of the separation of church and state in Massachusetts was still far in the future. The town called the minister, voted his salary, built the meeting-house and parsonage, set apart ministerial lands, made arrangements for ordinations, even to the supply of rum deemed necessary on such occasions—in short, transacted all the business involved in ecclesiastical relations that was afterward transferred to the parish. The ministerial tax was levied on the taxable property, irrespective of creed or religious preference.

Mr. Tappan's relations to the church and town appear to have been cordial throughout his ministry. As a mark of confidence and esteem, he was voted for three successive years a gift in addition to his salary, amounting in 1769 to £46. The records show a mingled dignity and consideration on the part of both pastor and people.

As Mr. Tappan's ministry covered the troublous period of the Revolution, with many years before and after, when the country was in an extremely depressed financial condition, it is not surprising to learn that at one time the impoverished people were unable to pay the stipulated salary. To the credit of the minister, we are told that "he maintained uninterruptedly and with faithfulness the ministrations of his pastoral duties." Such a course must have strengthened the ties that united pastor and people in those "times that tried men's souls."

His theology was evidently of the type generally prevalent in the "standing order" in New England in the latter half of the eighteenth century. He appears to have belonged to the more conservative school. As none of his sermons are extant, all that is known must be a matter of inference. About 1760 a controversy arose between Mr. Tappan and

\* Thus the name is spelled on the records until altered by Benjamin Tappan. Samuel was grandson of Abraham Toppan, who came from Yarmouth, England, to Newbury in 1637, and died in 1672. He married a daughter of the celebrated Rev. Michael Wigglesworth of Malden, the author of a lugubrious poem on "The Last Day."

† The original documents respecting the call, now yellow and worn with age, are in the possession of a great-grandson, Mr. William H. Tappan of Manchester.

Rev. John Cleaveland of Chebacco,\* which has left its record in some correspondence, preserved in a rare tract written by Mr. Cleaveland, and entitled after the manner of the time, "A Plain Narrative," etc. Boston, 1767.† The case in brief was this: Some persons in Manchester, among them the celebrated Edward Lee, "the apostolic fisherman," had for some time been attending Mr. Cleaveland's ministry, alleging that Mr. Tappan's preaching was Arminian. Some had gone so far as to join the church in Chebacco, a grave offense in the eyes of our fathers, who considered the parish a kind of ecclesiastical preserve to be jealously guarded against ministerial and other poachers. Mr. Tappan, moreover, was one of the New England ministers who were not in sympathy with Whitefield and what were known as the "new measures," while Mr. Cleaveland was an ardent supporter of the revival movement. Mr. Tappan complained of the interference, as he considered it, with his rights as minister of Manchester, and it seemed likely for a time that a serious and lasting strife would be the consequence between the neighboring parishes. The language of Parson Tappan in some of his letters bears a tinge of acerbity that, considering all the circumstances, is perhaps no occasion for wonder. Mr. Cleaveland appears to have been a man who had "the courage of his convictions," was skilled in debate, and a firm and decided but courteous controversialist. The case was a typical one. It was but a skirmish of outposts. Yet the conflict which a half century later convulsed and in many instances divided the churches of New England was already impending.

In common with most of the ministers of the Revolutionary period, Mr. Tappan was an ardent patriot. He not only counselled resistance to the oppressive measures of the king in council and gave two of his sons to the continental army, but when the British cruisers were menacing the shores of Massachusetts bay he carried his musket with him to meeting, leaving it at the foot of the pulpit stairs. If not a "fighting parson," it appears that it was only because the opportunity was wanting. Of Mr. Tappan's manner and style of preaching not even an anecdote remains. We can imagine him in knee-buckles and small-clothes, in bands and wig; he is said to have been stout and well built, and fancy pictures him as somewhat grave and sedate. No portrait of him exists. We are led to infer that he had few of those personal peculiarities which tradition is wont to preserve. Nor have we any means of rehabilitating the old

\* Formerly a parish of Ipswich, Massachusetts, incorporated as the town of Essex, February 5, 1819.

† Copies of this tract are in the library of the American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, and of the Essex Institute, Salem, Massachusetts.

parsonage with its active, intelligent, busy life. If its walls had had the power of speech, what eloquent tales might they have rehearsed of those eventful years in our history as a town and a nation from 1745 to 1790.

Dr. Ezekiel W. Leach, in his manuscript history of Manchester, says of Mr. Tappan: "His character as a scholar was very respectable, as appears from the testimony of his professional brethren, among whom, as among the people of his charge, he was highly esteemed and his death deeply lamented." And Dr. Leach, who was born in 1809, must have known many in his youth and early manhood who were the parishioners and acquaintances of Mr. Tappan. That he was a man of strong character is shown not only by his hold for so many years upon the town, but by the character of his descendants. Of these it is said by William H. Tappan, in his history of Manchester,\* that Mr. Tappan "had eleven children, among whom was Benjamin, an eminent citizen of Northampton; David, who was made Hollis professor of divinity at Harvard college in 1792, and who died in 1803, [of whom] Dr. Holmes remarks, 'His death threw a gloom over his bereaved family, over the university, the church, the commonwealth, and the country;'+ Samuel and Amos became successful educators, and Ebenezer and Michael were in the army of 1776." Ebenezer is said to have been "the last survivor of the soldiers of the Revolution in this town." A grandson of Mr. Tappan, Rev. D. D. Tappan, died in Topsfield, Massachusetts, January 15, 1890, at the age of ninety-two.

Many of his descendants still live in Manchester, to the third and fourth generation, and not a few have been persons of influence in different walks of life. Among others may be mentioned Arthur and Lewis Tappan of New York, both well known for their connection with anti-slavery and the cause of freedom in the territories; Rev. William B. Tappan, long connected with the American Sunday-school Union, and author of the favorite hymns "'Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow," etc., and "There is an hour of peaceful rest," etc., and others; William H. Tappan of Manchester, notary public and ex-senator, author of a history of Manchester above referred to. The family has always been distinguished for intelligence and public spirit.

The house in which Mr. Tappan lived, long known as "the old red house," and said by tradition never to have been painted any other color, stood on the east side of School street, opposite Friend court. It is described "as a fine old house in early times, the walls being plastered with mortar made of burnt clam-shells and sand." It was of "the long

\* *History of Essex County, Massachusetts*. Philadelphia, 1888. Vol. II., pp. 1249-1298.

† *Vide Lempriere's Univ. Biog.*, Vol. II., p. 695.

sloping roof style, probably built about the time of the first parsonage house," in 1685. It was purchased by the town in 1745 for Mr. Tappan; connected with it were about five acres of land on the northerly side of Saw Mill Brook. The demolition of this house a few years ago was greatly regretted by all who have a regard for "the ancient landmarks which the fathers have set." A small room, without any means of heating and with only one window, on the ground floor to the left of the side door, was pointed out by tradition as Mr. Tappan's study. If a facetious clerical visitor, on "exchange," had ventured to say to the occupant, as was once said by a wag to a notable character, "Why, there is not room enough to swing a cat in it," Parson Tappan might no doubt have replied gravely, "I do not swing cats." On one occasion the writer craved permission to enter the little sanctum, but found, as he might have expected, that a "prophet's chamber" does not necessarily impart a prophet's inspiration. Much as the removal of such a house is to be regretted as a matter of sentiment, it is perhaps better that it should not have longer survived its usefulness, to be occupied by unsympathetic tenants.

Mr. Tappan lived and died among his own people. He was buried in the old burying-ground on Summer street. The common stone above his grave is in good preservation, and the lettering quite legible. It bears the inscription, presumably written by his son David:

In Memory of  
BENJAMIN TAPPAN, A.M.,  
late pastor of the church in Manchester,  
who expired May 6, 1790,  
in the 70th year of his age,  
and 45th of his ministry.

Every age is to some extent the product of the ages that precede it. The generations overlap each other in their influence as well as in their physical life. "One soweth and another reapeth." Like the Israelites in Canaan, we enter into possession of houses that we builded not, and wells that we digged not, and vineyards and olive-yards that we planted not. We owe a great debt to our Puritan ancestry. Few and fragmentary as are the facts which have been preserved respecting the life of the old-time minister, and shadowy as his figure may be to us, his character is still molding the life of the community after the lapse of a hundred years.

*D. P. Linsley.*

MANCHESTER, MASSACHUSETTS.

## GLIMPSES OF EARLY MICHIGAN LIFE

### IN AND ABOUT KALAMAZOO

Among the pioneers of southern Michigan life had little variety and no thrilling incidents. Yet the history of each town furnishes material of special interest. The soil was easy to cultivate, the best of wood for building and fuel purposes was close at hand, the climate was favorable to the production of all varieties of grain and the ripening of fruits, and the natural water-supply was not excelled anywhere in the world.

It was the broken ties of fond associations—the parting with dearest of friends, that made emigration to Michigan in the “thirties” so hard. Fortunately the brave men and women brought with them to their new homes the culture of their former eastern or southern life, and their quiet, gentle manners offered no inducement for the influx of that wild, coarse element which has so frequently characterized newly settled countries. Traces of these good beginnings are still to be found after a lapse of fifty-eight years, in the continued demand for intelligence and refinement among persons ambitious for social prestige—wealth and its accompanying glitter not being considered sufficient in itself to gain its usual influence in one of these little towns, which is so often to be deplored in our large cities.

Many of these early settlers had known affluence and its consequent advantages, but from various causes had decided to seek new homes in a new state. Meeting for one purpose in the wilds of Michigan, though from different sections of the country, they formed friendships which make the attachments of our more modern civilization seem cold.

The region in and about Kalamazoo at this time (1832) was beautiful beyond words; none but those who beheld it can conceive of the peaceful beauty of the prairies, the rolling hills, and the oat-openings. James Fenimore Cooper gives an excellent idea of the appearance of this country. During the summer it was like one extended garden, the ground being covered with flowers; and such small fruits as strawberries, blackberries, wild plums, and grapes grew in rich profusion. The custom of the Indians of burning the rank grass and vegetation of the prairies and openings destroyed all the underbrush and accumulation of the past year, leaving it in almost as perfect condition as an English park, which accounts



in a great measure for the wide view to be secured through the woods, the fire burning the lower branches of the trees as well as the underbrush, leaving nothing to obstruct the vision.

Wolves and bears made only occasional raids on the small herds the pioneers brought with them, but when they found the flocks unguarded by the wearied owners, it was always the *prizes* of the flock which were carried off or injured. The Indians as a rule were friendly, and the people came to rely upon the word given by a Pottawatomie as implicitly as that given by a white man. An Indian of this tribe on one occasion bought of our family a bag of flour, and promised to pay for it with venison after so many moons, I believe seven months. The purchase had slipped our minds, when early one frosty morning he walked our Indian friend, true to the appointed hour, with a large haunch of venison. For years the doors of the early settlers' homes were strangers to bolts and bars; and it was not an unusual occurrence to find of a cold morning Indians rolled in their blankets on the kitchen floor enjoying the heat from the great fireplace in front of which they had been quietly sleeping, having noiselessly crept in after the family had retired—and with a grunted salutation they as silently took their departure at early break of day.

Learning through years of business experiences with these Indians their many good qualities, it will ever remain an open question in the minds of Michigan pioneers whether the Indians have not been sinned against as much as sinning; especially when the Bronson people recall the cruel order for these red men to relinquish the reservation that our noble republic had given them "to hold as long as grass should grow and waters run." The memory of the heart-rending cries and moans of these poor Pottawatomies while they were visiting the places of their dead for the last time arouses a bitter feeling in the minds of many in that little settlement who witnessed it, and knew how unnecessary and cruel was such a mandate.

The first person I met on my arrival in Bronson (now Kalamazoo) was a young Indian girl of about fourteen years; she ferried me across the river to the village. She was large and muscular, with rosy cheeks, and hair which at one time might have been yellow, but was now sadly faded, making it apparent she had seldom known other than nature's covering for her head. She wore a coarse cotton dress of copperas color; the sleeves came just to the elbow, leaving exposed a strong wrist; the neck of the waist was cut quite low, and was fastened behind by a large brass button; the next fastening to this dress was another brass button on the broad belt, and both glistened in the sun as her body moved to the stroke of her

paddle. Each moment, it seemed to me, would be the last of her buttons, for I expected to see them fly as did "Peggotty's," while the girl bent to her work; but I learned afterward that these buttons were the safe and crowning glory of this young woman's attire; by them she was known the country round as "Big Button Sall." She was kind and good-natured, always ready to assist in sickness or trouble; in her wild, free life she had learned much which she could tell the new-comers, and she would carry a friend in her canoe to where the grapes grew in abundance overhanging the river, or inform them of the secret places where the choicest berries ripened. Her family, like many of the early settlers, left as soon as civilization made a demand for a change in their habits.

For a time the earliest church meeting was held in the "Kalamazoo House" kitchen, as often as the circuit rider made the town a visit, which occurred about once in four weeks. This was one of the few occasions when one's best clothes, brought from the civilized world, might be worn.

The extemporized seats for these religious gatherings were made of split logs, the round side up, the flat side being laid on blocks placed at wide intervals. The sermons were of the good old orthodox school, and gave the handful of listeners food for thought of the most vivid character; and between the torments we were encouraged to believe we might endure in the future, and in the very present torture of the slippery round seats, there was not much danger of the speaker having an indifferent audience. After the slab schoolhouse was built church services were held there.

The summer of 1834 found the village increased to twenty houses, and though some of these little homes were built for large families not one of them could boast of more than three or four rooms; yet all or nearly all the families were willing to take in the temporary guest, or board the forlorn bachelor who was vainly endeavoring to make a home for himself. And how eagerly would the word pass from house to house when an emigrant wagon was seen approaching. The new-comers received as warm a welcome as though they had been old acquaintances, gladly in turn answering the eager questions of the homesick pioneers about the old home life that seemed so far away. By the time the wagons were unloaded and the inmates housed, every inhabitant in the settlement knew the quantity and quality of the personal possessions of the strangers.

The year 1834 is styled by the pioneers as "the year of the great blow." The storm occurred October 18 and made sad havoc in the little community; many families were left without a roof to their houses, and their furniture was torn to pieces and scattered to the winds. Many were terribly bruised by the falling timbers and chimneys; others barely escaped

with their lives, bearing scars to this day, eloquent marks of the dangers of a tornado. Those who could found shelter with friends whose homes were fortunately outside of the track of the storm; others took refuge in the schoolhouse, which served as both court-house and church. Sixteen slept in this little building for a time, cooking by a neighboring stove, their own stoves all having been destroyed by the storm.

It was not long before new dwellings took the place of the ruined ones, as all the neighbors lent a helping hand to those in distress. The time occupied in building a house was short. The lack of glass restricted the number of windows, and the luxury of plastered walls was yet in the future; grand staircases were formed by driving pegs into the wall. The process of erecting a barn or house was rendered quite a social affair, those invited to assist being served with a grand dinner in honor of the occasion. A long temporary table was set in the yard on the shady side of the house—and such good things as were placed upon it! Tender little roasted pigs were placed standing on a big blue and white platter at one end of the table, a large venison pie at the other end, while choicely cooked vegetables were arranged between; these vegetables I am sure were larger and better than our hot-house gardeners raise to-day. Coffee sweetened with maple-sugar and large twisted fried-cakes formed the dessert, with the addition of melons of enormous size, if in season. The love of the beautiful was evidenced in the ever-present bouquet of wild flowers, ferns, or autumn leaves, though it was only too often a difficult matter to find a receptacle for them, crockery being so scarce that only the most urgent needs could be supplied.

Though the work was almost constant and very hard, often falling on shoulders unaccustomed to labor, yet there is not one of these brave pioneers living whose face, should you allude to those days past and gone, will not lighten and brighten and expand in a pleasant smile as—

"The thoughts come and idly turn  
The leaves of memory's sketch-book."

Even among those who were building new homes with but little mechanical assistance, and feeding the many mouths without other aids than nature's raw productions, were found many opportunities for social intercourse and innocent gayeties. For instance, few brought with them to the new country refined sugar, and those who did guarded it jealously, only producing the luxury on rare occasions; thus the main dependence for the necessary supply of saccharine was on what the Indians made, or our own manufacture of maple-sugar. During the sugar season the

bare, leafless woods rang with the merry voices of young people while they gathered the sap to be brought into the temporary camp for "boiling down." During one of these "sugar bees," which had lasted for several days, fatiguing every one with the night work of watching fires and stirring the big caldron of boiling sap, a young lady who had recently come from the East insisted upon taking a share of the night work among the sugar-makers; after considerable persuasion on her part, her two brothers who were to watch with her consented to go into the little hut near by and lie down for a short time, the young lady promising to call them when they were needed. For a time all went well; the moonlight was charming, and the air soft and sufficiently warm to admit of a free run of sap. When she found it unsafe to keep a large fire, and had stirred the slowly thickening syrup until her arms ached, she found she had nothing to do but gaze into the subdued flames or among the trees and their dark shadows. She began suddenly to realize the loneliness of her position; the intense silence became oppressive, and all the stories she had ever heard of the horrors of a wilderness came to her mind with startling vividness. As the moon sank lower and darkness deepened, it took all the strength of spirit she possessed to keep from calling her tired brothers who were sleeping in the shanty a few rods away. At length, incited by an unconscious impulse, she glanced up into the leafless boughs of a tree against the trunk of which she was leaning, and saw two big burning eyes gazing down upon her; with a masterly effort she swallowed the choking sensation in her throat, and kept breathlessly still for an instant, then, gathering courage, to make sure she was not deceived she looked up again. Oh, heavens! the eyes were bigger and nearer her than ever! What could it be? The darkness might hide the form of an Indian, a panther—or did wolves climb? Just at that instant a large piece of bark was thrown violently down, followed quickly by another, and with one wild yell and a bound for the shanty, the young girl landed by her brothers' side, almost dead with fright. When the source of her scare came to be investigated, it proved to be a very lonesome owl just rousing himself for his night's entertainment.

Gathering wild plums, which grew in great abundance and made excellent preserves, was another source of recreation for the young people, as were also picking berries and nuts, and fishing; many a time has the writer of this sketch gone out for a few hours of a cloudy morning to some one of the numerous little lakes about the settlement, and caught enough pickerel and bass for a dinner for the entire village. There were occasional social gatherings for wool picking, but owing to the scarcity of

crockery, few having more than enough for their immediate family wants, the number invited was necessarily limited.

Evenings after the day's hard work was over were usually spent around the large fireplace. By the light of the blazing logs and one tallow "dip" some member of the family would read aloud, while the women knit and sewed and the men contrived some household or farm utensil. In our own home circle we read all of Scott, Burns, Cooper, Pope, Tom Paine, Plutarch's *Lives*, Gibbon, and a few other books brought from home, until the characters and thoughts of the writers became more familiar to our household than the mere titles of their works are to many families of to-day who have access to the best libraries. These few books were passed from house to house in the settlement and eagerly read, and by the time they were returned to their owners they were so well thumbed as to be almost illegible. For the children *The Scottish Chiefs* and *Alonzo and Melissa* were worn literally to fragments by repeated readings, and with sorrow they were consigned to the flames only after the opening and closing chapters had entirely disappeared, and some of the important middle leaves, under the handling of young fingers.

The years 1834 and 1835 were perhaps the hardest for those who caught the ague, whole families being prostrated at the same time, with no one to hand the aching, burning sufferers a drink of water. It was a period when man's fellowship to man appeared in its best and brightest light: the kind neighbor who had become acclimatized would pass from house to house where the sick ones lay alternately shaking and burning, and offer them the cooling drink and sympathizing voice; and what was better still, when the chills were over these angels of mercy would assist in preparing the oceans of food the dread disease invariably demanded. Midst all these trials of sickness and hard labor there were many happy moments for the little colony, and though the society was necessarily restricted in the extent of its pleasures, still the enjoyments sought were those of refined people. Few of the old settlers are living who will not remember our beautiful "green," made smooth and clean from having been for years the old tenting-ground of the Indians. Long after the Indians left it this place was where young people met to walk, talk, and court under the branches of the native burr-oaks. One charming moonlight evening several met by invitation at the residence of Colonel G. A. O'Brien and his lady, thence the host and hostess and their guests adjourned to this beautiful "green" for an improvised dance. At that time there were no regular musicians; yet ever ready for an emergency, as pioneer life demanded, one of the guests, Dr. E. A. Atlee, handled the violin with as



much grace as though he had made it the business of his life to play for dancing, satisfactorily discoursing the music for the stately minuet and other dances. Long will live the memory of that scene as witnessed by one of the number present—the old gentleman in his picturesque costume of small-clothes, black silk stockings, knee buckles, deep waistcoat, cut-away coat, and broad-brimmed hat, throwing his whole soul into the spirit of the moment; his head well back, bringing into relief his clean-shaven, handsome face. By his side stood his little wife, watching the light movements of the dancers as they flitted to and fro in the shadowy light of the moon. When they had finished dancing the doctor turned with courtly grace to his wife and said: "Madam, I have done my humble best for the entertainment of the guests, can you not also contribute something?" She complied by singing in a sweet, clear, rich voice a German ballad. Perhaps the same song under other circumstances would not have left so deep an impression, but the entrancing beauty of this July night—the knowledge that only within a few years had the surroundings known other than the footsteps of the red man—added to the effect; the most perfect silence reigned, not a sound that was familiar to city life broke upon the melody; it was the juxtaposition of the culture of civilization with the hush and solemn beauty of nature, which made this event so memorable.

To attend a ball or party during the winter occasioned great exertion on the part of the belles. In looking over the experiences of two or three of the young women as compared with those of modern times, the pioneers do not wonder that "the young people of the present day do not know how to enjoy themselves; no such balls are given now as then."

If the attaining of the unattainable, surmounting all sorts of difficulties to achieve an end—in other words, "if things dear-bought and far-fetched are more valuable," then those winter balls must have been the very quintessence of parties, and the maidens invited must have been the most favored of damsels. Imagine a society belle going to a ball some ten or twelve miles distant, riding over a rough road which must be experienced to be understood, in the middle of winter, wearing her best party gown of white muslin, low necked and short sleeves! She was, of course, well wrapped and bundled, but the comfort was generally secured at the price of ruining the fresh appearance of the dress. These merry maidens were generally taken to parties in "jumpers"—home-made conveyances which for the beaux of 1832 were what the present natty little cutters are to modern young men—a very much prized vehicle in which to convey one's best girl for a drive. It consisted of two long bent hickory poles for runners and thills combined; four holes were burned in the runners, into

which were firmly fastened four stakes or supports for the cross-pieces which held the box or body of the sleigh; the box was usually made of rough boards, with a board across the top for a seat, but happy was the young man who could proudly invite his young lady to a drive in a crockery crate rather than in the ordinary rough box.

In no phase of life is the social element, in its truest and best sense, so well developed as in these narrow circles, where each is dependent on the other for all that makes life pleasurable. Who has not felt utter isolation, oppressive and perfect loneliness, in a crowded city thoroughfare? In looking over old letters and journals which vividly recall past experiences, it is surprising to find how constant was the interchange of brotherly feeling; the hand of good-fellowship was extended to one and to all. In this hurried, feverish, business life, how strange it seems to remember that once an invitation to tea implied an afternoon visit, beginning at one or two o'clock and returning home by the light of the moon; if invited to spend the day, one was expected as soon as the morning's work was done. Neither was it necessary to wait for an invitation, especially when it was known that a sister neighbor had an extra hard day's work before her; a number would frequently join together into a sort of surprise party, and with many hands and happy stories make light and pleasant that which had seemed such a heavy burden to the housekeeper. It was not until what was known as "wild cat times," when everybody went speculation mad, that this agreeable social feeling began to decline. The land-speculation fever brought to Michigan many who had no interest in establishing homes or improving the country—merely a floating population, that bane of social existence. Stages would bring and carry these people; bringing, but alas! not taking away the germs of discontent created.

The little village is a miniature embodiment of the growth of our country; as the town grew in numbers it lost much of its social character, and there was great longing for the free and happy days departed. We are thankful that this pioneer life contained nothing of the wild, adventure-some spirit of the Oklahoma settlers; nor the poverty, the uncertain crops, the dreary stretches of the frozen, wind-swept country of Dakota; nor had these settlers forsaken home and country for conscience' sake as did our forefathers, willing to suffer that they might be free. Viewed in these comparative lights, the pioneers of southern Michigan had very few hardships to endure.

KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN.

Mary V. Gills

## OUR OLD WEBSTER'S SPELLING-BOOK

It lies before me—the genuine article ; not the identical copy I used and was brought up on, long time ago, but of the same edition. It is nearly as old as I am, and has come spelling its way along down through two-thirds of a century, to these odd times. How long it has lain in the Boston Antiquarian bookstore where I found it thirty-five years ago, I cannot tell. It is an institution—yes, a university. It has trained and strained more heads than any other book of the kind ever did, or perhaps ever will. Later editions have been sent out ; but give me the *old* wine, which to my liking is better. Very plain, even homely in outward appearance. Never mind. Homely people are generally the best. The back of the cover is of coarse linen cloth—very coarse—threads within sight of each other. The sides of cover are of layers of brown paper, with an over-all of thin blue paper. The paper and pages within look as if they might have come from a mill using bleached straw and slacked lime, with a little sulphur thrown in to give the tinting.

And now as to the *contents*, the meat and marrow. Quite a book in size—one hundred and sixty-eight pages. The preface we did not have to read. But the next half-dozen pages, “Analysis of Sounds,” we in our school had to commit to memory and recite. This amazed us, and does still. Just to think of a child eight or nine years old required to recite understandingly the opening sentence: “Language, in its more limited sense, is the expression of ideas by articulate sounds.” You might about as well set a child to comprehending those vast themes, verities so important, but how profound, viz.: The wherefore of the why, the thingness of the this, and the thusness of the though. Makes one think of Horace Greeley, who, after reading a grandiloquent communication sent to him for the press, said of it, that it “obfuscated all his intellects, and circumgumfrigobrichisticated all his comprehensibilities.”

And come to the A B C page. In my times of old we children learned our A B C's at school, and not at home from lettered blocks and other knick-knacks as in these latter days. Some of those first days at school were quite impressive to the looker-on and listener. High day when we advanced to table No. 2—bag, big, bog. But the almost dizzy elevation when we ascended and attained to—baker, brier, cider, crazy. It is very observable this placing *crazy* after *cider*. Here are fact and

philosophy, cause and effect; indeed, a temperance lecture entire. . . . In my ancient times the spelling lesson was *studied* column by column from the spelling-book, and spelled by the classes old and young standing on the floor—the scholar taking his place, and keeping it if he could the month in and out, without having his head cut off every night, a rather discouraging operation to an aspiring lad or lass. One winter is remembered when a boy kept such headship all through the term, and carried off the great prize—a punched and pendent silver ninepence, tow-string and all. At a noted spelling-match in a neighboring town, visitors were invited to give in their names and take part in the contest. Sides were chosen. Came out *even* at eight o'clock P.M. Another choosing up. Came out *even* again at nine. "Let us have this out." One from each side must go upon the floor and spell for the side. Against aforesaid boy was placed an older person, a teacher who had taught school four summers. Plied and pumped with the spelling-book fore and aft, and aft and fore. "The combat deepens." By and by the word *apropos* was put to the fairer and gentler, and she spelled it "appropos," putting in too many *p*'s, and the boy getting it right carried off the glitter.\*

And what a day that was when we stood on the hill-top of human greatness and grappled with our first reading lesson! "No man may put off the law of God;" "my joy is in his law all the day." See that boy in his mighty wrestlings to spell out the words! Lips move vigorously; brow knit; book turned this way and that, to give room for the great idea to come in; his whole frame writhing and screwed down hard and tight to the supreme task. Perhaps he will "fetch it," perhaps not; but will come out of the throes as an older boy did from the word *picturesque*—pronouncing it *picture-squee*. But don't you give that small boy up. There is promise for him in such energy and bent as that.

Then a succession of easy and familiar lessons. But come to the *fables* and the *pictures*. Here is richness. Putting on the spectacles of my ancientness, I have been looking anew through the old spelling-book to see how, on the whole, the old friend would appear to one in these latter days to which it and I have come down. Grandly, sir, is my ready answer; never before handsomer than now—I mean the book. And so will it appear to *you*, from the glance or the scrutiny, if you be the sensible man I take you for.

A. M. COLTON

\*These charming reminiscences of the Rev. A. M. Colton, extracted from *The Old Meeting-House and Vacation Papers*, recently published by Worthington Company, will touch many a tender chord in the memory of readers familiar with the old New England spelling-school.

## SOME LITERARY STATESMEN

When, some years ago, bluff old Senator Cameron referred to the newspaper men of the capital as "them — literary fellows," with an expletive supplying the blank, he unwittingly bestowed a cognomen which has ever since stuck by the tribe.

It is not the purpose of this article to treat of the particular class of writers to which the Pennsylvania statesman immediately referred, but rather of those members of the literary guild to be found in the great official household, of which he was himself an honored and exalted member. There has been more or less of the literary instinct in our congress ever since the days of the illustrious Benton of Missouri, when he gave to the world his ponderous *Thirty Years' View*, being principally a *résumé* of public events during the period of his service in the senate, which extended, as he was accustomed to say, through "six Roman lustrums." Indeed, it may be stated that this instinct has been manifest in our national legislators during the whole history of the government, from the pamphleteering days of 1790, down through the intermediate era of heavy leaders and three column communications, to the present time.

Whether there is something in the atmosphere of legislative halls conducive to the growth of this literary spirit, or the inspiration comes from the manifold and splendid opportunities which our libraries and scientific institutions in the capital afford the literary worker, it is not material to inquire. The only purpose of the present writing is to glance briefly at the work in this field a few of our statesmen are doing in the present, or have done in the immediate past.

Of those placed in the past tense unfortunately by the hand of death, the mind at once reverts to the late Samuel S. Cox, so long known to the political and the literary world by his title of "Sunset Cox." The story of how this cognomen attached to him early in his career, from a bit of florid writing in the columns of an Ohio newspaper, has been told again and again. It is conceded by friend and foe alike that he was one of the brightest all-around men who ever graced the halls of our national legislature. His statesmanship was equaled by his keen and delicate wit, and these in turn did not surpass his learning and scholarly attainments. During a most busy life he found time to give to the world many books, among which may be mentioned *A Buckeye Abroad*, published by G. P. Putnam of New York in 1852; *Eight Years in Congress*, from 1857 to 1865,



from the press of D. Appleton in 1865; *A Search for Winter Sunbeams* in the Riviera, Corsica, Algiers, and Spain, from the same press in 1870; *Why We Laugh*, published by Harper Brothers in 1876; *Free Land and Free Trade*, from the Putnams in 1880; and from the same in 1882, *Arctic Sunbeams, or, From Broadway to the Bosphorus by Way of the North Cape*; and *Orient Sunbeams, or, From the Porte to the Pyramids by Way of Palestine*. Then came *Three Decades of Federal Legislation*, from the press of the Reids in Providence in 1885, being personal and historical memoirs covering the long period of his service in the house, and perhaps his most important work. The list closes with *Diversions of a Diplomat in Turkey*, from C. L. Webster & Co., in 1887, and *The Isles of the Princes, or, The Pleasures of Prinkipo*, from the Putnams in the same year.

Among the statesmen of the present congress no one takes a higher place as a *littérateur* than the Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, the representative from the sixth Massachusetts district. He was a writer of books before he became a legislator, and his reputation to-day, both as a man of letters and as a law-giver, is one to be envied. He is a graduate of Harvard, a Doctor of Philosophy, was for three years Harvard lecturer on American history, also a lecturer in Lowell Institute, and has been in turn associate editor of the *North American Review* and the *International Review*. His *Short History of the English Colonies* was planned while he lectured at Harvard, and was afterward delivered in the Lowell course. His published works embrace *Life and Letters of George Cabot*, the author's great-grandfather, published in 1877; *Albert Gallatin*, from the Scribners' press in 1879; *Ballads and Lyrics*, from Houghton, Mifflin & Company in 1880; *Last Forty Years of Town Government*, J. R. Osgood & Co., in 1881; *A Short History of the English Colonies in America*, from the Harpers in the same year.

Then came his *Alexander Hamilton*, and *Daniel Webster*, in 1882 and 1883, being two notable contributions to the American Statesman series. From the same press came in 1884 *Studies in History*, comprising eleven notable subjects; and in 1889 he published *George Washington*, another of the American Statesman series. But perhaps the crowning work of Mr. Lodge in the field of letters has been the editing of the works of Alexander Hamilton, brought out in 1886, in nine superb volumes, from the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons. *The Short History of the English Colonies*, already mentioned, is also a most marked and valuable contribution to our literature, covering as it does, in a manner never heretofore done, the story of the colonies from the foundation of each, down to the time when they were fused into one by the fires of the revolution.

Another remarkable contribution to the historical literature of our times from our statesmen who write, is that from the pen of the brilliant young member from Tennessee, the Hon. James Phelan, who represented the Memphis district in the fiftieth congress, and was re-elected to a seat in the present body. His *History of Tennessee—The Making of a State*, published in 1888 by Houghton, Mifflin & Company, met a reception from the public and critics alike of which the veriest veteran in the field might well be proud. It tells the story of the gifted author's adopted state, from the cabin of William Bean on the Watauga, in 1769, down to the outbreak of the war. With the true writer's instinct he has been quick to seize upon the salient points spread richly over a field that has virtually lain fallow for a hundred years. The founding of "The Watauga Association," the first commonwealth beyond the mountains, and its successor, "The Lost State of Franklin," two of the most remarkable and romantic episodes of southwestern history, receive their full measure of attention in the earlier chapters. Especially is the book rich in describing the political life of the state during the quarter of a century immediately preceding the war—the years of the rise and ascendancy of the great Whig party in the state—those halcyon days of barbecues and joint debates, where the grove was the forum and the people were the umpires—those days when there were political giants in the land, the memory of whose fierce encounters upon the hustings is still kept green around the hearthstones of the hardy and long-lived mountaineers. The book has passed the dead line of the first edition, and is still in constant demand.

The same author has also produced a school history of the state, richly embellished with maps and engravings. This work is brought down to the present time, and is being generally adopted by the schools of Tennessee. Mr. Phelan contributed the articles upon Andrew Johnson, Sam Houston, and some others, in Appleton's *Cyclopedia of Biography*, recently published. He is also proprietor of the Memphis *Avalanche*, one of the most prosperous papers in the south, though he has not written anything for it since entering actively into the field of politics. He is a hard student, takes a keen interest in the current literature of the day, and looks confidently forward into a future which his friends unhesitatingly pronounce full of richest promise.

Another legislator who has done work of special excellence is the Hon. M. A. Foran, who represented the Cleveland district in the fiftieth congress. During his term of service he wrote a novel entitled *The Other Side*, a social study based on fact. It is dedicated to the workingmen and working women of America, and, as indicated by its title, is a study of

those questions of society, of labor and capital, which have of late years attracted so much attention alike from the general public and the law-giver. Mr. Foran was amply able to deal intelligently with these questions, being a cooper by trade, a lawyer by profession, and a legislator by the grace of his people. The book was published by a Washington firm in 1886, and has had a wide reading.

The country at large is accustomed to think of speaker Thomas B. Reed in his capacity of politician and statesman—as the leader of his party upon the floor of the house. He is known to friend and foe alike for his ready wit, his rapier-like thrusts in the arena, his biting sarcasm in debate, when the foe is worthy of his steel. During the busy years of his long term of service in congress he has found little time to devote to the pursuit of letters, and yet that he has literary ability of a very high order is amply proved by the various contributions he has given to the public through the periodical press. His principal articles have been: *Grover Cleveland's Acceptance*, *Alaska*, and *The St. Louis Convention*, published in the *North American Review*; *Rules of the House of Representatives*, in the *Century*; and *The Protectionist's View*, in *Belford's Magazine*. In 1885 he delivered an oration before the alumni of Colby University at Waterville, Maine, and in the following year an oration at the Portland Centennial, both bearing the very highest evidences of scholarly attainments and the true literary instinct.

The Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, though not a member of the legislative branch of the government, is none the less entitled to a prominent place in the list of our statesmen who have the literary gift. For some years before his appointment to a place upon the civil service commission in Washington he was one of the leaders among the younger men in the councils of his party in his state and city, and during this time he served one term in the legislature at Albany. Judging from the work he has accomplished within the past few years, his has been a most busy life. In addition to his manifold interests at his eastern home, he has given much time and attention to business affairs in the far west, and in addition has found time to write no less than seven works, aside from contributing largely to the periodical press of this country and England. His published volumes are: *The Naval War of 1812, or, The History of the United States' Navy During the Last War with Great Britain*, by G. P. Putnam's Sons in 1882; *Hunting Trip of a Ranchman*, from the same press in 1885, being sketches of sport in the northern cattle plains, and superbly illustrated by Frost and others. In 1887-1888 he contributed *Thomas Hart Benton*, and *Gouverneur Morris*, to the American Statesmen series already mentioned.

Then came his *Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail*, brought out in 1888, by the Century Company, and illustrated by F. Remington; and in the same year *Essays on Practical Politics*, by the Putnams. Perhaps his most important work is his latest, entitled *The Winning of the West*, in two large volumes, with maps and illustrations, and also bearing the imprint of the Putnams. It portrays in graphic language the history of our western border from 1769, when the tide of emigration first reached the summit of the great Appalachian chain, down to the close of the revolution, when, thanks to such men as Boone and Kenton, Sevier, Robertson, and the Shelys, General George Rogers Clark, and a dozen others of like heroic mould, the inchoate nation along the sea-board found itself in possession of an empire beyond the mountains, that had hitherto belonged to the Anglo-Saxon in theory only. Of his magazine work, Mr. Roosevelt has contributed articles on hunting to the Century, St. Nicholas, and Outing, and essays on social and political subjects to various periodicals. *Some Recent Criticisms of America*, dealing with Matthew Arnold, Lord Wolseley, and Sir L. Griffin, is one of his latest essays.

Another congressman who has been working in the field of letters is the Hon. W. D. Owen, the representative from the tenth district of Indiana. He has published two books: the first, under the title of *Success*, in 1877; the second, called *The Genius of Industry*, in 1882. Mr. Owen is a minister in the Christian church, and teaches a Bible class in the Sunday school of his denomination at Washington.

Of literary legislators in the senate end of the capitol, the Hon. Gilbert A. Pierce, senator from the new state of North Dakota, is entitled to mention. Among his published works are, *Zachariah the Congressman*, which first appeared as a serial in a newspaper, and afterward was brought out in book form under the title of *Peggy, a Country Heroine*; and about the same time, *A Dangerous Woman; Being the Experience of the Hon. John Biles, M. C.* But perhaps his most important production in the way of book-making is *The Dickens Dictionary*, published in 1872 by J. R. Osgood & Co. This work is a key to the characters and principal incidents in the tales of Charles Dickens, and is a most valuable work of reference to every student of our English-American literature.

Senator Pierce has written two plays, one of which, *A Hundred Wives*, has been quite successful. As indicated by its title, it deals with the questions of Mormonism and polygamy. He has also contributed magazine articles to the Atlantic Monthly and other periodicals, as well as verses to the magazines and newspapers—these latter being modestly denominated by him as “merely ephemeral trifles.” In speaking of these matters the

senator-author says: "Of course, like all scribblers, I have many manuscripts, some completed, and others in various stages of development, lying around in desks and trunks and cabinets, waiting for a resurrection trump, which I fear will never sound."

The writer has seen somewhere, at some time, a statement in print to the effect that the Hon. John J. Ingalls has a book in course of preparation, which he expects to print some time in the future. In reply to an inquiry as to what foundation there might be for such rumor, the distinguished Kansas statesman writes: "I have never published a book, and have not even kept a scrap-book." Whatever may be the senator's literary intentions, which are certainly not extensively revealed in the foregoing, the reading public can have no doubt that he could write a book if he wished—a book which would cause the members of the public aforesaid to tread upon each other's heels in their eagerness to buy, for no man in either branch of the national legislature has the English language more completely at his control. He can mould it at will into a rapier or a claymore—a weapon for a contest of wits, or a broad-sword for a two-handed argument. He has contributed articles to the North American Review, and perhaps other periodicals, since becoming a senator.

There are many congressmen who at some time or another in their past lives have been newspaper men, but the one who now and then becomes a congressman, by the way of intermission from the arduous duties of the tripod, is the Hon. A. J. Cummings of New York city. He is a newspaper man from instinct and from life-long training. It is said that in the course of a rather adventurous life he has set type in nearly every state in the Union. He has been a writer upon the New York Tribune, the Sun, and manager of the Express. He was editor of the Evening Sun when elected to the seat he now holds in the present congress. He represents this paper in the capitol, and is in a position to gain the inside facts in regard to every matter of legislation that comes before either house.

Another writer who should not be overlooked is the venerable chaplain of the house, Rev. W. H. Milburn. Away back in the fifties he published *Ten Years of Preacher Life, or, Chapters from an Autobiography; The Rifle, Axe, and Saddle-bags, and Other Lectures; and The Pioneers, Preachers, and People of the Mississippi Valley*. He has also been a contributor to the periodical press.

Are the walks of statesmanship conducive to literary life, or does literary life lead to legislative halls?

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Milton J. Atkins.



## MINOR TOPICS

### PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S SILENT JOURNEY

In Dr. Patton's valuable *History of the American People* there is a graphic description of the removal of President Garfield in July, 1881, from the executive mansion in Washington to the cottage at Elberon where he subsequently died. We quote the paragraph entire for the benefit of our appreciative readers :

"The President lay at the White House for sixty-six days, and often apparently at the verge of death. It was essential that he should be removed from the debilitating influence of that climate to an atmosphere more cool and more health inspiring. Long Branch on the ocean shore was decided upon. The Pennsylvania Railway furnished the train and its equipments, their most commodious and sumptuous car and three others. The nation's invalid was placed on board by tender hands, and the train at 6.30 A.M. moved quietly off and even when under full speed with scarcely a perceptible vibration. So admirable were the arrangements, the right-of-way was given over six roads, a pilot-engine preceding the train by twenty minutes ; and lest the patient should be disturbed, not a bell was rung nor a signal-whistle blown. The train for a portion of the time made seventy miles an hour, stopping only to replenish water and fuel. Along the route, especially through the cities, the people in sympathizing crowds stood silently by as the train passed, and none the less was this interest manifested at the minor stations. This feeling was not limited to the multitudes that saw the train gliding along swiftly and almost noiselessly as if conscious of the burden it was bearing, but the telegraph, as if in sympathy, laid aside business to carry messages over the Union from almost every station passed, telling the hour and the condition of the patient as reported by the physicians on written slips of paper which were thrown from the train. Thousands upon thousands in the cities watched these bulletins as they appeared every few minutes. At length, after passing over nearly two hundred and forty miles, the cottage was reached, and in less than ten minutes the President was safely carried within. Here were witnessed similar manifestations; crowds of people had assembled and were silently awaiting the arrival of the train, and also carriages filled with summer visitors from the neighboring watering-places, while in shore lay twenty or thirty pleasure yachts whose decks were covered with spectators."

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### MRS. CUSTER SURROUNDED WITH BUFFALOES

#### CAMP LIFE IN KANSAS TWENTY YEARS AGO

When we were encamped on Big Creek, Kansas, buffaloes were all about us ; the Kansas Pacific railroad had been completed only to Fort Hays, and the herds

were still roaming in immense numbers along the line. They frequently crossed the track in front of a train, but they were so intent upon getting away that the sharpest, most continued shrieks of the whistle did not turn them from their course; the leaders in a move are very faithfully followed by the herd as a rule. The engineer was often obliged to whistle down the brakes to avoid accident. I remember standing among a group of officers at one time, resting after a charge into a herd. We were on a divide, where the horizon was visible in every direction. One of the group said to me, "Turn about, Mrs. Custer, and notice that you are surrounded with buffaloes." It was as if the horizon was outlined with a dark rim. The officer continued, "You are looking now upon a hundred thousand buffaloes." . . . I have been on a train when the black, moving mass of buffaloes before us looked as if it stretched on down to the horizon. Every one went armed in those days, and the car windows and platforms bristled with rifles and pistols, much as if it had been a fortification defended by small-arms instead of cannon. It was the greatest wonder that more people were not killed, as the wild rush for the windows and the reckless discharge of rifles and pistols put every passenger's life in jeopardy. No one interfered or made a protest with those travelers, however. They were the class of men who carry the chip balanced very lightly on the shoulder, and rather seek than avoid its jostling. I could not for the life of me avoid a shudder when a long line of guns leaning on the backs of the seat met my eye as I entered a car. When the sharp shriek of the whistle announced a herd of buffaloes the rifles were snatched, and in the struggle to twist round for a good aim out of the narrow window the barrel or muzzle of the fire-arm passed dangerously near the ear of any scared woman who had the temerity to travel in those tempestuous days. Sometimes the whole train was abandoned for a time, engineer and all going out for sport. There was no railroad competition then, and only one train a day was run; therefore, there was no attempt to keep a correct schedule. We rarely used the railroad, even if it was near, when once out in camp. Our own mode of travel seemed preferable.

In going on hunts the officers were not obliged to ride far before coming upon herds of grazing buffaloes, and sometimes the animals even came in sight of camp. Once I remember we were entertaining a distinguished Eastern journalist. He wanted to return with the record of a Nimrod, but he was too much exhausted from overwork to attempt riding, and he said with regret that he feared he would be obliged to go back without seeing a buffalo, and be unmercifully teased by his friends in the states into the bargain. We plied him with questions as to Eastern progress, for, reading of new inventions put into use since we had come West, we could not quite understand from the newspaper accounts their practical application. I well remember how glad I was out there, when the first elevated road was built in New York to have it carefully explained to me; for the papers, after all, take it for granted that every one lives in the heart of civilization. As our guest lounged under the shade one day we heard a shout near, the dogs rushed barking

to the stream, the men ran at breakneck speed in the same direction, and one of our own people called back "Buffaloes!" Here was a chance, for, when this Mohammed could not go to the mountain, it bore down upon him. The stream was then low, so that with help we could go over on logs and stepping-stones; and, standing on the other bank, we saw a splendid chase. The officers, always ready to do what they could to entertain strangers, had driven the herd as near our tent as possible, and the buffalo singled out to be killed was shot so near us that we all saw it.—*Following the Guidon*, by ELIZABETH B. CUSTER.

## A MERRY CHRISTMAS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD

[Original Lines]

### BABY CHARLIE'S WANTS

Slanta Kaus! Slanta Kaus!  
Up in the chimney there!  
Bwing me a wocking-horse -  
And a little arm-chair,  
And some skates and a sled,  
A whip and a weindeer;  
I'se 'scaped out of bed,  
Nursey don't know I'se here;  
'Cause I'se 'fraid you'd miss  
My bit of a stocking;  
It's the smallest one, this!  
What's that you are talking?

Yes; 'twill hold lots of things,  
Fill it full as you can.  
I want balls, knives, and strings,  
And a little snow-man.  
What makes you skweam "Who! who"?  
I don't think it's perlite,  
I'se telling secrets to wou;  
I'se little Charlie Bwight.  
I don't like wour cwoss woice,  
Please do wis-sper to me,  
Dear, good old Slanta Kaus,  
Up there in the chimney.

### LITTLE RANDOLPH'S FAITH

This remarkable little boy of four years had been a cripple, and in charge of eminent surgeons lashed in a wire frame for upward of twenty months.

Mamma, will you tell Santa Claus  
My baby days are over?  
I wish to have him know, because  
He'll some new gifts discover.  
Show him, mamma, my pretty vest  
Which you brought home to-day!  
Please, I should like a mustache next,  
Like papa's, black and gray.

And such a cane as cousin Lew,  
And some cravats like Si;  
Not those with loop-holes coming through  
But just the kind to tie.  
And then I'll wear upon my head  
A real stove-pipe hat;  
And when I leave this wiry bed,  
I'll have a ball and bat.

And I must have some boots, you know,  
 Because I'm now four years—  
 How soon shall I begin to grow?  
 Mamma, why all your tears?  
 I wish you'd send the doctors off,  
 They always make you cry;  
 I'm getting well quite fast enough  
 Without their standing by.

You say that God's afflicted me,  
 And that He's always near;  
 Now, if I'm good as I can be,  
 What is there, pray, to fear?  
 Will not He care for me the same  
 As though I ran about?  
 And if my legs are in a frame,  
 Can He not take them out?

#### HANG UP MY STOCKING

Hang up my stocking, mother;  
 What if I am sixty years old?  
 He'll put in something or other—  
 Santa Claus knows me of old.  
 I used to help him prepare  
 His basket for our little home,  
 And I never thought of my share  
 Before our children were grown.

Hang up my stocking, mother;  
 I wonder what he will put in!  
 Life has been all bills and bother—  
 Now a new life I'll begin.  
 Hang up my stocking, mother,  
 And beside it hang your dear own;  
 He'll put in something or other—  
 Gifts are not for children alone.

#### A CHRISTMAS CAROL

How sweet the oft-told story  
 Of the Heaven-born child,  
 Jesus, the heir to glory,  
 Who from a manger smiled.  
 Blessed Jesus, we will ever  
 Chant Thy wondrous love.  
 Blessed Jesus, we will ever  
 Chant Thy wondrous love.  
 Stars were with wonder shining,  
 Nor would they take their flight,  
 Until angelic voices  
 Proclaimed the Prince of Light.  
 Blessed Jesus, ever loving  
 Came on earth to dwell;  
 Blessed Jesus, ever loving,  
 Came on earth to dwell.  
 Shepherds the vision followed  
 To a stable lowly,  
 And gifts and incense offered  
 The new-born Son of Glory.

Blessed Jesus, ever loving,  
 Came on earth to dwell;  
 Blessed Jesus, ever loving,  
 Came on earth to dwell.  
 Let children sing the story,  
 So precious to the heart;  
 And to the highest glory,  
 For the future's peaceful part.  
 Blessed Jesus, ever loving,  
 Came on earth to dwell;  
 Blessed Jesus, ever loving,  
 Came on earth to dwell.  
 Sweeter, each year, the story  
 Of the Heaven-born child,  
 Jesus, the heir to glory,  
 With His maiden mother mild.  
 Blessed Jesus, we will ever  
 Chant Thy wondrous love;  
 Blessed Jesus, loving ever,  
 Coming from above.

## ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS

### THOMAS JEFFERSON TO THE SECRETARY OF WAR

[Contributed by Ferguson Haines]

Monticello. Sep. 5. 1801.

Dear Sir.

I inclose for your consideration a paper addressed to me from Lieut. Landais of the Artillery, to consider & decide whether anything & what should be done in consequence of it. I formerly referred to your consideration the petition of John Rowe, confined in jail for having counselled or procured a soldier to desert: he was sentenced to 3 months imprisonment & to payment of costs. his 3 months expired near 2 months ago, and he is detained & likely to be so for costs. You will be pleased to consider the expediency of pardoning him, but there is one circumstance meriting attention. he says the bill of costs is 88 D. When the bill of costs against a prisoner amounts to such a sum, the probability is that either the fee bill authorised by law is monstrous; or that there is extortion. in the latter case we should have it punished, in the former make it the occasion of referring to Congress to review their fee-bill. I will pray you to have a copy of this bill forwarded to me. perhaps the one given into the prisoner will be considered as the best evidence.—I have duly received your favor of Aug. 12, and sincerely sympathize with you on the condition of your daughter. I hope the signs of amelioration have continued and ended in perfect re-establishment. where the cause has been so momentary & every subsequent impression tending to recall the mind to its former state, I should hope the first effect could not be a permanent one. letters written to me after your receipt of this will find me at Washington, where I shall be punctually on the last day of the month. accept assurances of my sincere esteem & high consideration.

Th. Jefferson.

The Secretary of War.

### AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER BY GENERAL PHILIP SCHUYLER

[From the MS. collection of William L. Stone]

#### GENERAL PHILIP SCHUYLER TO COLONEL ELIAS DAYTON

German-Flatts, August 8th, 1776

Dear Colonel,

Your favor of the 5th Inst. I had the pleasure to receive on the next day. I am happy to learn that your Scouts have discovered no signs of an Enemy in your



quarter. I wish there may be none. I thank you for the Honor you have done me in calling the Fort [Fort Stanwix, built in 1758] by my name. As I cannot consistent with delicacy announce this to Congress, would it not be right for you to do it, & to General Washington too?

It does not appear to me from the Resolutions of Congress that I am empowered to appoint the Paymasters to the Regiments. I shall soon be informed of their Intention, and if the Appointment is in me, I shall most certainly confer the office on your son.\*

Capt. Patterson and Ross have presented me a Petition. Major Barber will advise you of its Contents, and of my answer. I hope the latter will meet your approbation. In my Letter of the 18th Ult. I directed you upon the receipt of certain Intelligence of the approach of an Enemy thro. Lake Ontario, that you should cause the Timber on the Banks of Wood-Creek to be felled into it &c. You will please to observe that before you fall the Timber into the Creek, I mean that your intelligence should be such as to give you the strongest reason to believe that any Enemy crossing Lake Ontario intend to come your way.† This will be left [to be] determined by their coming to Oswego, or landing in some other part of the Lake in the vicinity of that place. In such case, any roads by which Cannon could be conveyed should also be rendered as impassable as possible. Should you at any time gain Intelligence of the approach of an Enemy, you will not only dispatch an Express to me describing the rout they take, or you judge they may take, but also send the same information to the Officer commanding here and at Johnstown, and to the Committee of this County. It will be proper for you to furnish the Officer of Artillery with such a number of men as will be fully sufficient to work the Cannon in case of an attack, and they should be constantly exercised in that Business. This will not only be an advantage to the Regiment in case they should be, at any time, under the necessity of marching with Field Artillery, when no Artillery men may be at hand, but be of Service to the cause in General by having so many more men capable of that duty; and therefore I also wish that one or more of your officers should also be instructed in the management of Cannon.

In case of a vacancy in the Regiment I shall with pleasure promote Mr. Younglove [Surgeon Moses Younglove], as he bears so good a character. Yesterday our Speech was delivered to the Six Nations. They are now in Council preparing an Answer, from which we hope to gather their Intentions.

Adieu, my Dear Colonel.

I am, with every friendly wish,

Your Obedt. Humble Servant,

Colonel Dayton"

Ph. Schuyler

\* The reader will not fail to note that the policy of "You tickle me, and I'll tickle you" was not unknown even at this early day! W. L. S.

† It will be seen that Schuyler already foresaw the expedition of St. Leger the succeeding year. W. L. S.

## CADWALLADER DAVID COLDEN TO GOVERNOR TOMPKINS, 1814

[Contributed by Major-General J. Watts de Peyster]

[MRS. MARTHA J. LAMB, *Editor of Magazine of American History*. In looking up some facts connected with the war of 1812 in the second volume of your *History of the City of New York* I found on page 649 a reference to the appointment of Cadwallader David Colden, the cousin of my grandmother Jane de Lancey Watts, to the command of the uniformed militia companies of the city and county of New York. You give the date of appointment as of 2d September, 1814. I have within a few days found Colden's original letter of acceptance, which is so modest and dignified that I send a copy of it for your Magazine.

J. WATTS DE PEYSTER.]

New York, Sept 16th, 1814

Sir,

I have duly reflected on the offer your Excellency did me the honor to make this morning. I should not for a moment have hesitated to accept so honorable and respectable an appointment, had I not been fearful that an intire want of experience in military affairs rendered me unfit for the office. But encouraged by your Excellency's assurance that by suitable efforts I might render myself as well qualified as some others who have similar stations, I have determined to accept the Commission, and can only assure your Excellency, that I will do all in my power to render myself worthy of the rank you have offered me among the defenders of our Country. I am ready to receive your Excellency's Commands. I have the honor to be with great respect your Excellency's obedient humble servant

Cadwallader D. Colden

To Governor Tompkins.

## NOTES

THE UNITED STATES FLAG—The 4th of July, 1864, will ever remain a memorable day to those who at that time were prisoners of war within the stockade at Macon (Georgia). The prisoners had crowded in and around the central structure to listen to some speeches in commemoration of the nation's birthday. Captain Todd of the eighth New Jersey infantry displayed a small United States flag, four by six inches—about the size of a man's hand—which he had managed to keep secreted upon his person. The effect was indescribable. The air was rent with cheers, shouts, and cries. Tears in streams crowded down the cheeks of great, rough, shaggy men as they hugged each other and yelled at the sight of the banner. Those near enough reverently kissed it, and men at some distance away climbed upon the backs of others to get a view of it. "Hold it up!" shouted a voice, "don't be afraid; hold it up so that we can all feast our souls upon it. The rebs won't dare to molest it. Hold it up! for while there is a man of us alive to defend it with his hands, neither the Southern Confederacy, the powers of earth or hell can touch it." The "Star-spangled Banner" and "Rally round the Flag" were sung. During the singing some of the older guards were seen leaning tremblingly over their muskets and crying like children. The enthusiasm and noise became so great that the long roll was sounded by the Confederates outside, the artillery was manned, the infantry stood to their guns, and the commandant ordered us to disperse to our quarters and remain quiet.—Robert

Clark & Company's *Prisoners of War and Military Prisons*.

THE INDUSTRIAL FUTURE OF THE SOUTH—*Public Opinion*, the eclectic weekly published in Washington and New York, offers a first prize of \$50, a second of \$30, and a third of \$20 for the best three essays on the interesting question, "The Industrial Future of the South." This is a timely topic, and great interest will be awakened in the competition. The prizes are to be awarded by a committee of three business men of national repute, who will not know the names of the writers until the decision is made. The essays must be limited to three thousand words, and must be received by December 15. Full particulars may be had by addressing *Public Opinion*, Washington, D. C. The *Washington Post* says: "The industrial development of the South during the last ten or fifteen years has been the most interesting feature of our national growth. It may be doubted if in any age or country its parallel has been witnessed. The authentic statements of the industrial growth of that section, as they have been published from year to year, have attracted world-wide attention and excited a profound interest—an interest not confined to business circles, but extending to all intelligent observers of public events. It is a great theme—so great that only a broad mind can comprehend it; but inasmuch as it has been frequently and ably discussed in the press of all sections, and in many commercial conventions, it is reasonable

to suppose that the invitation of *Public Opinion* will call out a large number of valuable papers, throwing new light on a topic that is becoming more and more attractive to all citizens whose patriotism is not limited to any one part of our common country."

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SIR WALTER SCOTT'S LOVE OF SOLITUDE—In the *Journal of Sir Walter Scott*, covering the years from 1825 to 1832, which has recently been published from the original manuscript, we find the following paragraph: "Few men leading a quiet life, and without any strong or highly varied change of circumstances, have seen more variety of society than I; few have enjoyed it more, or been *bored*, as it is called, less by the company of tiresome people. I have rarely, if ever, found any one out of

whom I could not extract amusement or edification; and were I obliged to account for hints afforded on such occasions, I should make an ample deduction from my inventive powers. Still, however, from the earliest time I can remember, I preferred the pleasure of being alone to waiting for visitors, and have often taken a bannock and a bit of cheese to the wood or hill to avoid dining with company. As I grew from boyhood to manhood I saw this would not do, and that to gain a place in men's esteem I must mix and bustle with them. Pride and an excitation of spirits supplied the real pleasure which others seem to feel in society, and certainly upon many occasions it was real. Still, if the question was, eternal company without the power of retiring within yourself, or solitary confinement for life, I should say, 'Turnkey, lock the cell!'

QUERIES

COLONEL MAINWARING HAMMOND was a member of the council of Governor Berkeley of Virginia in 1642. Thomas Willoughby was also a member at the same time. What can be ascertained of the ancestry of Colonel Hammond? Who was his wife?

The widow of Colonel William Willoughby, commissioner of the British navy, and mother of Deputy-Governor Francis Willoughby of Massachusetts, left a legacy in 1662 to her "sister Jane Hammond of Virginia," the mother of Captain Laurence Hammond of Boston. Mrs. Jane Hammond is said to have been the wife of Colonel Mainwaring Hammond of Virginia. Can this fact be

established? Can the family name of Mrs. Jane Hammond be ascertained?

A tradition has come down in the families of Deputy-Governor Francis Willoughby of Massachusetts, and Thomas Willoughby of Virginia, that there was a relationship between them. Is any proof of this known to exist? This information is much desired by Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Salisbury of New Haven in the preparation of their large work of Family Histories and Genealogies, which is nearly completed.

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WASHINGTON'S AIDS-DE-CAMP—The following list of the aids-de-camp of Washington was made after some little

research by an officer of the army stationed here. Thinking it may be of interest, and that if not quite accurate it may be corrected, I send it to the *Mugazine*.

1. Colonel Robert H. Harrison.
2. Colonel Richard K. Meade.
- 3.\* Lieutenant-Colonel Samuel B. Webb.
4. Colonel Alexander Hamilton.

5.† Colonel Teuch Tilghman.  
Lafayette was volunteer aid.

DAVID FITZGERALD  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

MOTHER GOOSE—Who was the real Mother Goose in history? Will some one enlighten me?

ALBERT WARBURTON  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

## REPLIES

AUTHOR OF QUOTATION [xxiv. 402]  
—In reply to the query of your correspondent as to the author of the line, "To err is human; to forgive, divine," I would refer him to Pope's *Essay on Criticism*. Pope, though irritable in disposition, and at times almost cynical, also wrote the beautiful lines,

"The mercy I to others show,  
That mercy show to me."

Among the many names applied to Pope were the "Interrogation Point" on account of his crooked body, and "That true deacon of the craft," by Scott, from the beauty and masterful style of his poetry.

E. W. WRIGHT  
VICKSBURG, MISS.

BRYANT, NOT WOODWORTH NOR WORDSWORTH [xxiv. 308]—*Editor Magazine of American History*: I find

\* Webb was promoted to the command of the Third Connecticut Regiment, which was mostly raised by him. His place was filled by Hamilton.

myself under the necessity of making a correction. The author I had in mind was Samuel Woodworth, the author of "The Old Oaken Bucket," and not the former poet laureate of England. But I have since discovered that if I had given the credit right, I would still have been wrong (to indulge in a very poor Hibernicism), for the lines were written not by Wordsworth nor yet by Woodworth, but by nature's own poet, William Cullen Bryant.

My only excuse is, that I saw them years ago credited to Wordsworth or Woodworth, and they were seemingly so appropriate to the theme in hand that the quotation was made without the usual verification. I hasten to make the correction, because it is always better to confess than to be convicted.

MILTON T. ADKINS  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

† Colonel Tilghman, who had been assistant secretary since August, 1776, became aid-de-camp in 1781, his commission dating back to April 1, 1777, at Washington's request.



## SOCIETIES

NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY—A stated meeting of the society was held on Tuesday evening, November 4, President King in the chair. The report of the librarian called especial attention to a valuable memorial of colonial New York, consisting of the original commission with the great seal attached, and instructions and orders issued in January, 1702-3, by Queen Anne to Lord Cornbury, the governor of New York. This interesting relic was purchased for the society through the liberality of six of its members.

The announcement was made that the eighty-sixth anniversary of the founding of the society would be celebrated on November 18, and that the address would be delivered by James C. Welling, LL.D.

The paper of the evening, entitled "The Historic Name of our Country," was read by Professor Moses Coit Tyler, LL.D., of Cornell university, to a large and appreciative audience. He said: "Fifty years ago a celebrated scholar said to John C. Calhoun: 'How strange it is that our country, so rich in everything else, should have no name.' Calhoun replied: 'We have no name because we are not a nation, only a collection of states which are not united.' Calhoun made a mistake. We are a united people and a nation, and are entitled to a distinctive name. The 'United States of America' is unsatisfactory to many people, because it is a mere proposition of constitutional law and not a name. Other countries, they say, have single names, like 'England' or 'France,' and the citizens of

those countries call themselves 'Englishmen' or 'Frenchmen,' but how shall we call ourselves? To say 'American' does not distinguish our country. Some say 'United States history' to distinguish it from 'American history,' but we are not the only united states in the world.

We want a name for a watchword, one name that shall signify to the Old World what a great country is beyond the sea. Never before has any nation been without some particular and significant name. During the early years of our country a name was given, 'Columbia.' Ten or twenty years after the Revolution many thought we would be called 'Columbians.' So strong was the feeling, that the first ship that carried the flag around the world was named *Columbia*. King's college was changed to Columbia, and the country is dotted with the name. With all the struggle to have the name, it does not seem to be the name of our country. No one thinks of us as Columbians. Another name was tried by Washington Irving. He wanted to call the country 'Alleghenia' after the Alleghenies, or 'Appalachia.' The New York Historical Society took up the subject and tried to influence the United States to change its name to 'United States of Alleghenia.' 'Vesperia' was the next name thought of. One of the members of the society suggested the 'Country of Washington.' 'Freeland' and 'Freedonia' were the next two. One man thought the country should be called 'Cabotia,' after the real discoverer. Another said

we ought to go back to the Norseman and call it 'Vinland.'

All these attempts to change the name of the country were futile and unsuccessful, because they were in violation of the natural historic law. The name of every country comes by gradual growth. Before the Revolution the colonies were known as the American Colonies. In the Stamp Act 'American' trade is spoken of. In 1774 Patrick Henry said there was no longer any New-Yorker or Virginian, but only Americans. The treaty with England in 1783 applies to us alone the name 'America.' Washington in his farewell speech addresses his countrymen as 'Americans.' In the historic growth of two centuries and a half the single name 'America' has come to mean our country, our customs, etc. It is entirely right and modest for us to take the beautiful name 'America.' Let it be to us what 'England' is to the 'English,' and 'France' is to the French. Matthew Arnold said 'America holds the future.' Let us hope that this may prove true, and that this name 'America' may live through all the ages as the talisman of all that is good and noble."

THE RHODE ISLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY at its regular meeting on the evening of the 4th of November listened to an interesting address from Rev. Edward G. Porter of Lexington, Massachusetts, on "John Eliot and his Indian Bible." He said: "There is certainly no more interesting chapter in our colonial history than that which gives us the life and services of John Eliot. The man himself was interesting. The men of that time, it is an incredible fact, did not seem to

think their descendants would take any interest in their birth and education on the other side of the water. It has recently been found that Eliot was educated at Jesus college, Cambridge, receiving his bachelor's degree in 1622. It was a critical time in the old country. There was a ferment in the literary and theological as well as the political world. But he was not ready to submit to the requirements of the period in theology. There seemed to be, however, no opening for a man of liberal education but that. Eliot came under Hooker's remarkable influence, and was indebted to him, for his opinions were very much molded by the hand of Hooker. In 1631 Eliot came to Massachusetts in the good ship *Lion* with several people of distinction, including the wife and child of Governor Winthrop. He was received right royally. The First Church in Boston, whose pastor had gone to England, asked him to be their pastor during the other's absence, and he accepted. In the following year, 1632, the young lady to whom Eliot was engaged came over, and they were married shortly afterward in Boston. The union continued many years; she was a capable, lovely woman, and there is ample evidence to show that she was worthy of him.

Eliot found the Indians interested in becoming civilized. He often received calls from them, and soon installed one, 'a pregnant-witted young man' as he calls him, and Eliot greatly depended on him. He also had two or three lads in service. He used these opportunities to acquire the language. It was the language of the Massachusetts Indians, as Mather and others say, that branch of

the Algonquins with whom they came into closest contact. Your Indians in Rhode Island," said the speaker, "spoke a different language; even those of the Cape and Martha's Vineyard had a little different language, and Eliot could speak and preach to them only after some comparison of terms. With the western Massachusetts Indians he could not speak at all. The Algonquins have received more philological attention than any other kind of Indians. Some young men now in college are seriously considering to resuscitate this language by studying Eliot's Bible, his primer, etc., to read what Eliot wrote. He became fairly proficient in the language, and the more the Indians knew of him the better they liked him. He visited them in their villages, and they returned the visits, and he gave them many gifts."

The speaker declared that Eliot was a name to hold up before the audience as one that would compare with the best names in all history, a name that should be honored with those of the apostolic age or the age of the Reformation, names connected with God's work on earth. "To us belongs the agreeable duty of thus canonizing the names and services of such as Eliot."

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THE ONEIDA HISTORICAL SOCIETY held its regular meeting on the 27th of October; Hon. C. W. Hutchinson, first vice-president, in the chair. The paper of the evening, "The Colonial Newspaper Press of Boston and New York," was read by Colonel William L. Stone, who said: "To deliver a lecture on the newspaper press without first paying our

respects to the devil and Dr. Faust would be considered not only a violation of all precedent, but—as regards those distinguished individuals—a positive breach of good manners. They have so long been associated together, not only in popular tradition but in books, that the greater part of the reading world seems to think that they were the original partners in the republic of letters. Indeed, the opinion is even yet quite prevalent that the devil has been a silent partner, though not a sleeping one, in every newspaper establishment since. The proposition to this extent is certainly inadmissible, and yet from the moral condition of a large portion of the press, it must be confessed, there is a strong presumptive evidence that in the unhappy influences exercised by the personage referred to over the affairs of men, he is not altogether neglectful of the press." Colonel Stone described the introduction of the printing-press into the colonies, and traced the progress of printing with much skill. The publication of the first New York paper, the *Gazette*, in 1725, and the New York newspapers and their editors, were presented with several anecdotes which brought out the characters of the institution and the times distinctly.

The paper contained many passages of valuable history and a just estimate of men and events. As the son of an eminent New York editor, Colonel Stone inherits interest in his theme, and as himself a historian he possesses the capacity to treat it well. The society congratulated itself on having secured such an address from such an eminent source.

## BOOK NOTICES

THE BOY TRAVELERS IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND. By THOMAS W. KNOX. Square 8vo, pp. 536. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1891.

This new volume by the celebrated author, Colonel Knox, traces the adventures of two youths in a journey through Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and England, with visits to the Hebrides and the Isle of Man. These bright boys appear to have kept a careful record of what they saw and heard; have been mindful of the history and geography of the countries visited; and describe in the most delightful manner the peculiar customs of the people among whom they have traveled. Frank and Fred are familiarly known to many of our readers, who have frequently traveled with them in other countries. But in this narrative they are accompanied by Frank's mother and sister Mary who have never been abroad before, and whose comments upon everything new and strange to them will greatly entertain the boys and girls who read the book. Nothing can be more instructive than the explanations given, Frank and Fred having become authorities on almost every theme. In Ireland they visited Blarney castle, went where the fairies dance, learned the origin of wakes, stopped in Dublin and Belfast, discussed the legends of the country, and indulged in anecdotes innumerable. Of course, they saw the Giant's Causeway, that great wonder, and they pause to tell us all about the first electric railway in the world, which was opened for a short distance in 1883, and to the Causeway in 1886. Frank enjoyed his novel ride over it immensely. He says: "We glided along as though on a descending grade—no smoke, no cinders, no dust, no steam, nothing whatever apparent to the eye, and a delightful air around us fresh from mountain and sea." Reaching Scotland by steamer the reader (who begins to feel as if he was himself on the route) is treated to much useful information about Glasgow, and its wonderful commercial progress since 1812. Says Fred: "Just see how the business has grown; from that one steamboat in 1812, Glasgow had in 1882, an interval of seventy years, a fleet of six hundred and eighty-three steamers! and this does not include the hundreds and thousands of steamers built for other ports of the United Kingdom and the rest of the world."

We cordially commend this new book to children of all ages. Colonel Knox is one of the best writers for the young of whom we have any knowledge, and no buyers will go amiss who include one or more of his charming volumes of travel in their list of Christmas presents for the household.

THE LEADING FACTS OF AMERICAN HISTORY. By D. H. MONTGOMERY. 12mo, pp. 359. Boston and New York: Ginn & Company. 1890.

This hand-book for the use of schools is admirably prepared, and presents in a clear, concise, connected manner the principal events in the history of our country. The author has based his work on a careful study of many recognized authorities, and has achieved brevity without the injury to truth which usually attends the difficult task. The maps and illustrations have been selected with discriminating skill, as needful for so small a work, which begins with the birth of Columbus and ends with the close of the celebrated year of the Washington Centennial, in three hundred and fifty-nine pages. It has an appendix containing the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States and its amendments, a Table of States and Territories, Principal Dates in American History, a short list of books on American history—by no means complete, however—and a series of questions for examination covering the principal topics of the theme.

PRISONERS OF WAR, AND MILITARY PRISONS. A general account of prison life and prisons in the South during the war of the Rebellion, including statistical information pertaining to prisoners of war; together with a list of officers who were prisoners of war from January 1, 1864. By ASA B. ISHAM, HENRY M. DAVIDSON, and HENRY B. FURNESS. 8vo, pp. 571. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 1890.

Graphic personal narratives of experience in the various Southern prisons, more complete than any heretofore published, form the basis of this work, to which is added a general description of the prisons. "The privations of prison life try the mettle of an individual as nothing else can," says the author. "They bring out in bold relief all the littleness and meanness of human nature. The great majority of those who, subject to the ordinary conditions of earthly existence, are properly considered as high-minded, honorable persons, prove wanting in the balance under this test."

The first part of the volume contains the story of an officer who was captured in the famous charge by Sheridan upon the cavalry force of General J. E. B. Stuart, in which charge Stuart was killed. Interspersed through the narrative are anecdotes and incidents of prison life, forming a complete picture of a captive's experience.

The second part is a personal sketch prepared by a private soldier, which embodies an account of the charge made by the Confederates upon Goodspeed's and Simonson's batteries at the battle of Chickamauga, and the capture of the author while trying to remove wounded men from the field. Accounts of the ingenuity exercised for methods of escape brighten many of these thrilling pages. On one occasion the prisoners had constructed a bridge to the roof of a little house, which was about on a level with the window sill of the second story of the jail. If that roof could be reached, it would be possible to slide down into the back yard. The queer bridge was made of two long strips of wood and the boards from their bunks. When all was ready, they shoved out the bridge until the outer end rested upon the roof of the small house, and one of the prisoners crawled out upon it to cross over, when the moon suddenly looked out from a cloud just as the guard relief was coming on, and the bridge was discovered. The guard was quickly drawn up in line ready to shoot any man who should appear upon it. Says the writer: "Quietly and slowly the bridge was drawn in, so that they could not see it move, until it was brought far enough to balance it, when the external end was elevated and it was brought in on the run. As the end of the bridge went up into the air, a volley of musketry from the guards followed it, and next their fire was turned against the window. In about half an hour the door of our prison opened, and in came the guard on a tour of investigation. We were all, of course, fast asleep, some snoring lustily. After an application of the commandant's boot to the sleeping forms of those he first encountered, all woke with much surprise, and asked: 'What on earth is the matter?' 'Matter enough,' was the reply. 'Whar's that air bridge?' 'What bridge? What do we know about a bridge?' The bridge had been taken apart as soon as drawn in, and each one had his piece of board fitted in his bunk. After many questions we were drawn up in two ranks to be counted. Some one in the rear rank managed to make his appearance in two places and was counted twice. 'What does this mean?' yelled the captain. 'Whar did that air extra man come from?' It was explained that an outsider had climbed with a ladder to the top of the little building and thrown his ladder across to the jail window and asked to be taken in. The prisoners said they had pulled him in, that was all there was of it, and the guards abandoned further investigation."

The story of the author's escape from Andersonville with two companions is also described, and his travels by night through the swamps and fields of southern Georgia, guided by a pocket compass which was lighted by fire-flies, and a piece of a torn map rescued from the embers of

a Confederate guard fire. This narrative is interspersed with anecdotes showing how the prisoners passed the time of their incarceration, their games, traffic in rations, their attempts at escape by tunnel and by disguises, recapture, and punishments.

**TABULAR VIEWS OF UNIVERSAL HISTORY.** A series of chronological tables presenting in parallel columns a record of the more noteworthy events in the history of the world from the earliest times down to 1890. Compiled by G. P. PUTNAM, A.M., and continued to date by LYND E. JONES. 8vo, pp. 211. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1890.

It will be remembered that the late George P. Putnam compiled a valuable chronology of historical events, which formed a part of his comprehensive cyclopædia on *The World's Progress*. This has been carefully revised, and we welcome with enthusiasm the new well-printed volume in separate form, which comprehends the former work with the added chronology of later years. It cannot fail to prove the most convenient and useful manual of dates extant. Teachers, authors, and scholars will find it invaluable. As a help to the memory, an arrangement has been adopted of placing in parallel columns on facing pages the events occurring throughout the world at about the same period of time. This calls in the powerful assistance of association in enabling the mind to grasp and remember important dates, by showing at a glance simultaneous occurrences in other countries.

**HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN EPISCOPAL CHURCH.** From the planting of the colonies to the end of the civil war. By S. D. MCCONNELL, D.D., Rector of St. Stephen's Church, Philadelphia. 8vo, pp. 392. New York: Thomas Whittaker. 1890.

This is the first attempt in modern times to condense into a volume of convenient size the very interesting history of that portion of the Christian Church formerly known as "The Church of England in the Colonies," but since the Revolution styled "The Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America." The greater attention paid now to all materials for history, the growth of a school of historians who are able to take the well-known facts concerning any period and deduce from them their real significance and relation to other historic facts and periods, makes the present an opportune time for the issue of this work written



with clearness, brevity, and full knowledge of the present canons of historic writing. Dr. McConnell possesses a vigorous and flowing style, and has evidently been a careful reader of American colonial history and a diligent student of the late English historians. His work does not come with the weight of authority that original research among manuscript sources can alone bestow, but he has put together from accessible printed sources a narrative of the chief events in the corporate life of the Episcopal Church which can be read by the busy men and women who cannot spare the time to peruse the stately quartos in which Bishop Perry has given a fuller history. Commencing with the era of colonization (A.D. 1600), the author sketches in a picturesque manner the successive immigrations of Churchmen to Virginia, Puritans to New England, Dutch Calvinists and Huguenots to New York, Swedes to Delaware, Roman Catholics to Maryland, Cavaliers to the Carolinas, and the result their intercourse had in overcoming prejudice, fostering a tolerant spirit, and out of many heterogeneous elements developing that character which we call American. He shows plainly why the Church of England was unable to gain any permanent foothold in the more northern colonies until the eighteenth century, for many of the immigrants were bitterly opposed. He gives their due place to the early efforts at Jamestown, Virginia, where from June 21, 1607, the Rev. Robert Hunt faithfully fed with the bread of life that portion of the flock of Christ committed to his care, until his death nearly thirteen years after; and of that short-lived venture of Sir Fernando Gorges on the coast of Maine, where on Sunday, August 9, 1607, the Rev. Richard Seymour, chaplain of the expedition, set up the cross of Christ, offered the prayers of the Church of England, and preached a sermon, probably the first ever delivered on the New England coast, "giving God thanks for our happy meeting and safe arrival into the country." The outcome of the zeal and devotion of the Rev. Dr. Thomas Bray, who in 1696 became the commissary of the Bishop of London in Maryland, his successful combating the irreligion he found then prevailing throughout the colonies, is prominently mentioned. His arousing friends in England, who on his representation formed those two powerful agencies for the spreading of Christianity throughout the world, and which still continue their fruitful labors, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge (founded May 8, A.D. 1698) and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in foreign Parts (chartered by William III. June 16, 1701), deserves the grateful acknowledgment of every American Christian. The intelligent beginning of missionary work in the American

colonies by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, commonly called "The Venerable Society," by the missionary tour in 1702-1703 through the colonies of that convert from Quakerism, the Rev. George Keith, and that intrepid pioneer missionary, the Rev. John Talbot, are sufficiently set forth. In the chapters upon "The New England Converts" and "The Great Awakening," the author treats comprehensively some of the essential features of New England church life. He sketches with slight but firm touches the causes of the Revolution and the attitude of the colonial clergy to the movement for independence, and notes how political principles and religious obligations were strangely mingled in those days which tried men's souls. With a list of the clergy who remained loyal to the crown, and due mention of those who like White, Provoost, Muhlenberg, and others adhered to the cause of the colonies, and laymen like Washington, Henry, Lee, Hopkinson, Jay, Duane, Morris, prominent both in the field and at the council board, he closes his first part. The development of a system of government that would be American and not depart widely from catholic precedent, the admission of the laity to the councils of the church, the revision of the Book of Common Prayer, are topics upon which our author dwells with discriminating skill. The union, October 2, 1789, of the church in Connecticut with the general convention, and its consequences in a liturgy both conservative and catholic, the provision for the sitting of the bishops as a separate house with the power of originating legislation, are carefully considered. He relates with dramatic force the scene in the general convention of 1865 at Philadelphia, when several Southern bishops and clergymen attended, led by Bishop Atkinson of North Carolina, and Bishop Lay of Arkansas. With a glance forward to the permanent results of the war in modifying the relation between church and people, Dr. McConnell closes his well-written though incomplete sketch.

There is much to commend in his treatment of a great subject, but there are also points upon which opinions will widely differ. In the interest of historical accuracy, we would urgently call the author's attention to the misprints of dates, and specially to some matters where he does not seem to have fully verified his statements, notably the origin of Trinity church. It is to be hoped that in a second edition such blemishes may be removed. The volume should be read by all who wish to gain a general view of an important body of American Christians, and are interested in the study of the origin and growth of religion in our country. Dr. McConnell would have added to the value of his work by a fuller index, a chronological table, and a list of authorities upon the subject.

# INDEX

**A** DAMS, Henry, intellect of New England, 148; Roger Griswold in the Louisiana debate, 1803, 230.  
Adkins, Milton T., the mountains and mountaineers of Craddock's fiction, 305; some literary statesmen, 467.  
Africa, universities in, 153, 234.  
Albright, Henry, early gunsmith of Pennsylvania, 186.  
Aldrich, Charles, corrections of historical errors, 222; autograph collection of, 237; anecdote of Gen. Dodge; a characteristic order of Gen. Scott, 352.  
Alexandria, Virginia, Washington attends ball at, 70.  
Algiers, colleges in, 234.  
America, outgrowths of continental Europe in, 337; narrative and critical history of, vol. viii., noticed, 405; the historic name of, 484.  
American Episcopal Church, History of, noticed, 466.  
American flag, origin of the, 260.  
American Fur Company, trading-posts, 413, 414.  
American history, exercises in, 143; the leading facts in, 484.  
American Revolution, Burgoyne's defeat and surrender, 40; Loyalists' Centennial, noticed, 78; Bunker Hill memorial tablets, 80; Washington's and Knox's headquarters at New Windsor, N. Y., 1779, 81, 83, 87; extracts of letters, 1765-1775, relative to the stamp act and the beginning of the, in N. Y. city, 89-99; the American troops at Bunker Hill good riflemen, 183; riflemen organized, 189; number of riflemen, 1775, 190; first riflemen in the, 101; the navy in the, 269; origin of the American flag, 269; the temple at New Windsor, N. Y., 1783, 283; the action at Tarrytown, N. Y., 1781, 358; heroism of Capt. George Hurlbut, 358; powder-horn of the, 401; services and speeches of David Hartley, 426; Washington's aid-de-camp in the, 479.  
Americana, Illustrated, 1493-1839, noticed, 407.  
Ames, Ohio, founding of the town of, 1799, 106.  
André, Maj. John, Durand's picture of the capture of, 321.  
Arabia, colleges in, 234.  
Arctic explorations, 159.  
Argentine Republic, universities in, 152, 233.  
Armour of Lyonesse, novel, noticed, 230.  
Arundel, Baroness, portrait, 345.  
Ashley, Gen. William, organizes the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, 413.  
Asia, universities in, 152, 234.  
Assiniboine, second steamboat to

navigate the upper Missouri river, 415.  
Astor, John Jacob, organizes the American Fur Company, 413.  
Austin, William, Literary Papers of, noticed, 238.  
Australia, universities in, 233.  
Authorship, successful, 75.  
Ayacucho university, 152.  
**B**ACKUS Family, noticed, 157.  
Bancroft, Hubert Howe, History of California, vol. vii., noticed, 158; Works of, vol. xxxviii., noticed, 399, 406.  
Banning, H. E., the story of Roger Williams retold, 312.  
Barlow, Joel, his efforts to sell land in Ohio, 101; portrait, 103.  
Battle of nations, 238, 325, 402.  
Bay Psalm Book of 1640, 70.  
Becher, Rev. Henry Ward, as a humorist, 231.  
Begum's Daughter, The, noticed, 159.  
Bender, Prosper, the French-Canadian Peasantry, i., language, customs, mode of life, food, dress, 126; ii., general characteristics, 201; iii., habits, and mode of life, 305.  
Besant, Walter, Armored of Lyonesse, noticed, 239.  
Bismarck, Prince, letter of, 404.  
Blackfeet Indians, Fort Mackenzie burned by the, 412.  
Blackstone, Sir William, portrait, 1; and his work, 31.  
Bliss, William R., loss of the steamer *Lexington*, and the launching of the frigate *Confederacy*, 150.  
Bolivia, universities in, 152, 236.  
Bombay, university in, 152.  
Book Notices.—*July*—Mason's Early Chicago and Illinois, 78; Guernsey's New York and Vicinity during the War of 1812-15, vol. i., 78; Volney's Ruins, 79; Pope's Life and Voyages of Jacques Cartier, 79; Loyalists' Centennial, 79; Monte's West Point, a play, 80; Bunker Hill Memorial Tablets, 80; Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society Collections, vol. xiv., 80.  
*August*—Life and Times of Ephraim Cutler, 157; Backus Genealogy, 157; Bancroft's Pacific States, vol. xix., 158; Bynner's Begum's Daughter, 159; Hawley Records, 159; Memoirs of Gen. Swift, 160.  
*September*—Austin's Literary Papers, 238; Britton's Civil War on the Border, 238; Besant's Armored of Lyonesse, 239; Fernow's Ohio Valley in Colonial Days, 239; Fiske's Midnight Talks at the Club, 240; Pellet's Life of John

October—Thurston's Antiquities of Tennessee, 326; Archives of Maryland, vol. viii., 326; Brynner's Canadian Archives, 327; Van Buren's Abraham Lincoln, 327; Seton Family of Scotland and America, 327; Vanderbilt's Flatbush Reformed Church, 328; Green's Greenville Baptist Church, Leicester, Mass., 328; Southern Historical Society Papers, vol. xvii., 328.  
*November*—Winsor's Narrative and Critical History of America, vol. viii., 408; Works of Hubert Howe Bancroft, vol. xxxviii., 408; Van Dyke's Millionaires of a Day, 407; Hunnewell's Illustrated Americana, 1493-1889, 407; Fiske's Civil Government in the United States, 408; Saint-Amand's Marie Louise, 408.  
*December*—Knox's Boy Travelers in Great Britain, 424; Montgomery's Leading Facts of American History, 424; Isham's Prisoners of War and Military Prisons, 424; Putnam's Tabular Views of Universal History, 425; McConnell's American Episcopal Church, 426.  
Boston, Mass., the people of, declared in rebellion, by parliament, 1775, 94; the colonial press of, 483.  
*Boston Recorder*, second earliest religious newspaper, 402.  
Bradford, Gov. William, first Thanksgiving day, 1633, 445.  
Brazil, universities in, 152, 236.  
Britton, Wiley, The Civil War on the Border, noticed, 238.  
Brook, Gen. Sir Isaac, at the battle of Queenston Heights, his death, 203.  
Browne, William Hand, Archives of Maryland, vol. viii., noticed, 326.  
Brownson, Nathan, unpublished letter of, to Col. Stirk, Feb. 12, 1777, 146.  
Brynner, Douglas, Canadian Archives, noticed, 327.  
Buckley, E. Powell, the library of a Philadelphia antiquarian, some of its historic treasures, 388.  
Buenos Ayres university, 152, 233, 234.  
Bunce, Oliver Bell, death of, 76.  
Bunker Hill Memorial Tablets, noticed, 80.  
Burgoyne, Gen. John, defeat and surrender of, 40.  
Burr, Aaron, characteristics of, 156.  
Butler, Col. Zebulon, two unpublished letters of, March 31, 1779, and Sept. 4, 1780, to Gen. Hand and Col. Blaine, 145.  
Bynner, Edwin L., The Begum's Daughter, noticed, 159.

- CAIRO**, Egypt, universities in, 234.  
 Calcutta, university in, 152, 233.  
 California, History of, noticed, 158;  
 the literature of, 399; The Great  
 Boom in Southern, noticed, 406.  
 Cambridge, Mass., the Indian col-  
 lege at, 33.  
 Canada, the battle of Queenston  
 Heights, Oct. 13, 1812, 203.  
 Canadian Archives, report of the,  
 noticed, 327.  
 Cartier, Jacques, life and voyages,  
 noticed, 79.  
 Central America, universities in, 152,  
 235.  
 Champlain, Gov. Samuel de, estab-  
 lishes fur trading posts in Canada,  
 447.  
 Chicago, Ill., History of, noticed, 78.  
 Childs, George W., recollections of  
 Gen. Grant, 220.  
 Chili, colleges in, 236.  
 Chillicothe, Ohio, first religious  
 newspaper in the world published  
 at, 402.  
 China, colleges in, 152, 235.  
*Chippewa*, first steamboat built for  
 the navigation of the upper Mis-  
 souri river, her trial trip, 415.  
 Chittenden, Hiram M., the ancient  
 town of Fort Benton in Montana,  
 409.  
 Christmas, poems on, 473.  
 Cincinnati, Ohio, view of, 1810,  
 207.  
 Clinton, DeWitt, and Daniel D.  
 Tompkins in the political arena,  
 73.  
 Clinton, Col. James, appointed to  
 the command of the first battalion  
 of New York militia, 99.  
 Clover, Rev. Lewis, letter of, re-  
 specting Durand's picture, the  
 capture of Maj. André, 321.  
 Colden, Cadwallader D., letter to  
 Gov. Tompkins, Sept. 16, 1824,  
 accepting the appointment of col-  
 onel of N. Y. militia, 477.  
 Columbia, universities in, 152, 234.  
 Colton, A. M., our old Webster's  
 spelling-book, 466.  
*Confederacy*, the frigate, 150, 232.  
 Continental congress orders the  
 raising of riflemen, 180; organizes  
 the navy, 269; orders the adoption  
 of the flag, 270.  
 Cook, Capt. James, portrait of, 349.  
 Cooper, Rev. Myles, president of  
 King's college, portrait, 11.  
 Cordova university, 152, 233, 236.  
 Corea, colleges in, 235.  
 Costa Rica university, 235.  
 Coutant, R. B., M.D., the action at  
 Tarrytown, N.Y., 1781, heroism  
 of Capt. George Hurlbut, 358.  
 Craddock, Charles Egbert, the  
 mountains and mountaineers of  
 Craddock's fiction, 305.  
 Cresap, Captain Michael, in com-  
 mand of the Maryland riflemen,  
 190.  
 Cuba, university in, 152.  
 Cutler, Ephraim, early life in Ohio,  
 105, 207; life and times of, no-  
 ticed, 157.  
 Cuyo university, 152.
- DAVIES**, Andrew McFarlane,  
 the Indian college at Cam-  
 bridge, 33.  
 Dawes, E. C., unpublished letter of  
 Levi Munsell, relative to the Ohio  
 lands, 224.  
 Deacon's wooing, the; a Con-  
 necticut legend, 192.  
 Dead Man's island, and the ghost  
 ship, 212.  
 Del Monte, Leon, West Point, a  
 play, noticed, 80.  
 Depew, Chauncey M., the interna-  
 tional fair, 66.  
 De Peyster, Gen. J. Watts, the kit-  
 teren, 72, 325; unpublished letter  
 of Cadwallader Colden, 475.  
 Dexter, Timothy, the self-made  
 lord, 171; facsimile of autograph  
 attached to Mass. loan certificate,  
 173; view of his palace at New-  
 buryport, 174; portrait, 175; fac-  
 simile of his "Pickle for the  
 Knowing Ones," 177.  
 Dickerson, Mahlon, pioneer and pa-  
 triot, 405.  
 Dodge, Gen. Grenville M., anecdotes  
 of, 310.  
 Drouet genealogy, extracts from  
 the, 48.  
 Drummond, Gov. William, ancestry  
 of, 71.  
 Durand, Asher B., the painting, the  
 capture of Maj. André, by, 321.  
 Durand, John, letter of, respecting  
 Durand's picture, the capture of  
 Maj. André, 321.  
 Dwight, Theodore F., the depart-  
 ment of state, 404.  
 Dwight, Prof. Theodore W., the  
 American flag and John Paul  
 Jones, 269.  
 Dykman, J. O., the historic temple  
 at New Windsor, N. Y., 1783, 283.
- ECUADOR**, colleges in, 236.  
 Edict of Nantes, a poem, 139.  
 Egypt, universities in, 234.  
 Elliot, Rev. John, and his Indian  
 Bible, 483.  
 Ellery, Harrison, Memoirs of Gen.  
 Joseph G. Swift, noticed, 160.  
 Ellison, John, ancestry of, 81.  
 Ellison, Col. Thomas, his homestead  
 and stone house the headquarters  
 of Washington and Knox, 1779,  
 81, 82; services of, 82; letter to  
 Hugh Gaine, Nov. 1, 1757, in de-  
 fense of the militia of the province  
 of N. Y., 82; views of the home-  
 stead and stone house of, 83, 87,  
 89; portrait, 85; family of, 87;  
 death of, 99.  
 Ellison, Col. Thomas, Jr., extracts  
 from the letters of, to his father,  
 Sept. 6, 1764-Sept. 4, 1775, rela-  
 tive to the stamp act and the American  
 Revolution, 89-99; portrait,  
 93; his residence in N. Y. city,  
 family of, 100.  
 Emmet, Thomas Addis, M.D., un-  
 published letters of Mary and  
 Martha Washington, 227.  
 Europe, American outgrowths of  
 continental, 337.
- FERGUSON**, Clement, Narragan-  
 sett bay, its historical associa-  
 tions, 112.  
 Fernow, Berthold, The Ohio Valley  
 in Colonial Days, noticed, 219.  
 Fiske, Amos K., Midnight Talks at  
 the Club, noticed, 240.  
 Fiske, John, Civil Government in  
 the U. S., noticed, 408.  
 Fitz-Gerald, David, the frigate *Con-  
 federacy*, 232; the battle of nations,  
 325; Washington's aid-de-camp,  
 479.  
 Flatbush, L. I., History of the Re-  
 formed Church, noticed, 328.  
 Ford, Paul Leicester, proposed new  
 edition of the writings of Jefferson,  
 402.  
 Fort Benton, Montana, the ancient  
 town of, 409; view of, 413.  
 Fort Brille, Montana, origin of the  
 name, 412.  
 Fort Campbell, Montana, a trading-  
 post, 413.  
 Fort Chardron, Montana, estab-  
 lished as a trading-post, 413.  
 Fort Cotton, Montana, established  
 as a trading post, 413.  
 Fort MacKenzie, Montana, de-  
 stroyed by Indians, 412.  
 Fowler, Robert Ludlow, historic  
 homes and Revolutionary letters,  
 81.  
 Franklin, Benjamin, letters of, Sept.  
 8, 1782, and July 5, 1785, relative to  
 the treaty of peace, 440, 441.  
 Fraser, John, the battle of Queens-  
 ton Heights, Oct. 13, 1812, 203;  
 La Salle's homestead at La Chine,  
 447.  
 French-Canadian peasantry, i., lan-  
 guage, customs, mode of life, food,  
 dress, 126; ii., general character-  
 istics, 201; iii., habits and mode  
 of life, 365.  
 Fur trading posts established in  
 Montana, 412, 414; in Canada, 447.
- GARFIELD**, James A., President  
 of U. S., his journey from  
 Washington to Elberon, N. J.,  
 July, 1881, 471.  
 Geography, and history, 150.  
 Gibbs, Mary V., glimpses of early  
 Michigan life in and about Kala-  
 mazoo, 457.  
 Goode, Prof. G. Browne, ancestors  
 of, contemporaries of Shakespeare,  
 218.  
 Grahame, James, Marquis of Mon-  
 trose, portrait, 344.  
 Grant, Gen. Ulysses S., soldier and  
 artist, 220.  
 Great Britain, The Boy Travelers  
 in, noticed, 484.  
 Greeley, Horace, member of con-  
 gress, 223.  
 Green, Rev. Thomas, D.D., The  
 Greenville Baptist church, noticed,  
 328.  
 Griswold, Roger, debate on the  
 Louisiana question, 230.  
 Guernsey, R. S., New York and  
 vicinity during the War of 1812-15,  
 vol. 1., noticed, 78.
- HAINES**, Ferguson, unpublished  
 letter of Robert Morris, 228;  
 of Thomas Jefferson, 475; the  
 author of the quotation "To err  
 is human," 480.  
 Haldimand, Gen. Sir Frederick, ex-  
 tracts from the private diary of,  
 287.  
 Hall, Lyman, unpublished letter of,  
 to Col. Stirk, Feb. 11, 1777, 146.  
 Hamilton, Col. Alexander, aid-de-  
 camp of Washington, 480.  
 Hammond, Col. Mainwaring, ances-  
 try of, 479.  
 Hancock, John, unpublished letter  
 of, 224.

Harrison, Col. Robert, aid-de-camp to Washington, 480.

Hartley, David, England's signer of the definite treaty of peace, 1783, portrait, 409, 432; and the American colonies, 426; facsimile of his signature to the treaty, 426; speeches of, in favor of the colonies, 427, 434; facsimile of title-page of his letters on the American war, 429; sketch of, 430; his correspondence with Franklin respecting the affairs of the colonies, 438; letter to John Jay, March 2, 1784, on the treaty of peace, 442.

Hartley, Joseph W., David Hartley and the American colonies, 426.

Harvey, Richard Selden, the true story of an appointment, 115.

Havana, university in, 152, 233.

Hawkes, Nathan M., the Puritan birthright, 354.

Hawley Family, noticed, 159.

Hayden, Rev. Horace Edwin, two unpublished letters of Col. Zebulon Butler, 145.

Henderson, James, letter of, Oct. 7, 1759, on the death of Gen. Wolfe, 148.

Henry, William, gunsmith, at Lancaster, Pa., 1744, 186.

Henry, William, Jr., establishes gun factory in Pa., 186.

Herrick, Rev. Samuel E., our relation to the past a debt to the future, 54.

Holland Society, annual meeting, election of officers, 154.

Hudson Bay, map of, 1748, 341.

Hunnewell, James F., illustrated Americana, 1493-1889, noticed, 407.

Hurlbut, Capt. George, heroism of, in the action at Tarrytown, N. Y., 1781, 358.

ILLINOIS, History of, noticed, 78.

Independence, first steamboat on the Missouri river, 415.

India, universities in, 152, 233.

Indians, college for, at Cambridge, 33; ancestry of the chief of the Miami, 415; at Wyoming, 145; supplied with rifles, 186; burnt Fort Mackenzie, 412; murder boatmen on the Missouri river, 414; John Eliot and the, 483.

Iowa, the war governor of, 222.

Isham, A. B., Prisoners of War and Military Prisons, noticed, 484.

Island of seven cities, 71.

JAPAN, universities in, 152, 235.

Jay, John, life of, noticed, 240.

Jefferson, Thomas, proposed new edition of the writings of, 402; letter of, to secretary of war, Sept. 5, 1801, on the petition of a prisoner, 475.

Jones, Charles C., Jr., unpublished letter of Lyman Hall and Nathan Brownson, 146.

Jones, John Paul, and the American flag, 269.

Jones, Gen. Patrick H., services of, 223.

KALAMAZOO, Michigan, glimpses of early life in and about, 457.

Kansas, camp life in, 471; historical society transactions, noticed, 485.

Keppart, Horace, the rifle in colonial times, 179.

King, Henry F., the deacon's wooing, a Connecticut legend, 192.

King, Horatio, Our beloved flag, a poem, 137.

Kirkwood, Samuel J., war governor of Iowa, 223.

Kittereen, a two-wheel, one-horse chaise, 72, 325.

Knox, Col. Thomas W., Boy Travelers in Great Britain, noticed, 484.

Knox, Gen. Henry, headquarters at New Windsor, N. Y., 82, 87.

LACHINE, Canada, La Salle's homestead at, 447.

Lamb, Mrs. Martha J., the golden age of colonial New York, 1; sketch of Maj.-Gen. Ebenezer Stevens, 120; the two Croton aqueducts of New York, 1842, 1890, 191; sketch of Judge Amasa J. Parker, 197; Southold and her historic homes and memories, 272; American outgrowths of continental Europe, 337; poems on Christmas, 473.

Lamson, Rev. D. F., a Sunday in the olden time, Manchester, Mass., 214; the Rev. Benjamin Tappan, a typical old-time minister, 452.

Lancaster, Pa., rifles manufactured at, 1719, 186.

La Salle, Robert Cavalier, sieur de, his homestead at Lachine, 447.

Le Fevre, Philip, early gunsmith of Pennsylvania, 186.

Leicester, Mass., Greenville Baptist church, noticed, 328.

Leicester, N. Y., old powder horn found at, 401.

Letters, Col. Ellison to Hugh Gaine, Nov. 1, 1757, in defense of the militia of the province of N. Y., 82; Col. Ellison, Jr., extracts, Sept. 5, 1765-Sept. 4, 1775, relative to the stamp act and the American Revolution, 89-99; Gov. Tryon to Col. Ellison, March 10, 1774, respecting the N. Y. militia, 99; Gov. Tompkins to Gen. Stevens, March 4, 1815, on the latter's retirement from the office of major general of artillery of N. Y., 122; two unpublished letters of Col. Butler, March 31, 1779, to Gen. Hand, respecting his operations at Wyoming; and Sept. 4, 1780, to Col. Blaine, in regard to provisions, 145; joint letter of Lyman Hall and Nathan Brownson, Feb. 11, 1777, to Col. Stirk, relative to supplies, 146; James Henderson, Oct. 7, 1759, on the death of Gen. Wolfe, 148; John Hancock, April 14, 1787, to Gen. Knox, regarding his visit to N. Y., 224; Levi Munsell, Aug. 17, 1842, to Ephraim Cutler, relative to Ohio lands, 1785-86, 224; Mary Washington, July 2, 1760, to Joseph Ball, on family affairs, 227; Martha Washington, Feb. 12, 1801, to Miss M. W. Dandridge, on family affairs, 228; Robert Morris, March 5, 1791, to James Lovell, respecting congress, 228; Lord Macaulay to his sister, Oct. 24, 1848, relative to his history of England, 237; correspondence of John Durand and Rev. Dr. Lewis Clover, Dec., 1848,

respecting Durand's picture of the capture of Map. André, 321; Washington to Mrs. Welsh, Dec. 2, 1788, respecting the services of Capt. Hurlbut, 362; Bismarck, July 6, 1890, 404; extracts of correspondence of David Hartley and Franklin, relative to the treaty of peace, 438, 441; David Hartley to John Jay, March 2, 1784, on the treaty of peace, 442; Jefferson to secretary of war, Sept. 5, 1801, on the petition of a prisoner, 475; Gen. Schuyler to Col. Dayton, Aug. 8, 1776, on army affairs, 475; Cadwallader Colden to Gov. Tompkins, Sept. 16, 1814, accepting the commission of colonel of militia, 477.

Lexington, loss of the steamer, 150.

L'Hommedieu, Benjamin, view of the home of, Southold, L. I., 279.

Lima university, 152, 233.

Lincoln, Abraham, humor of, 52; prophecy of, 323; letters, addresses, and messages of, noticed, 327.

Locke, David R., President Lincoln's humor, 52.

Long Island sound, disasters on, 150.

Loudon, descendants, 232.

Loyalists' Centennial, souvenir, noticed, 79.

McCONNELL, Rev. S. D., History of the American Episcopal Church, noticed, 486.

Macaulay, Lord, letter to his sister, Oct. 24, 1848, relative to his history of England, 237.

Macon, Ga., prisoners of war of 1861 raise miniature U. S. flag, 478.

Madras, university in, 152.

Manchester, Mass., a Sunday in the olden time, 214.

Marie Louise, Empress, and the Decadence of the Empire, noticed, 408.

Maryland riflemen organized, 1775, 189; Archives of vol. viii, noticed, 326.

Mason, Edward G., Early Chicago and Illinois, noticed, 78.

Meade, Col. Richard K., aid-de-camp to Washington, 480.

Mexico university, 235.

Meylin, Martin, gunsmith of Pa., 1719, 186.

Miamis Indians, ancestry of the chief of the, 45.

Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society, Collections, vol. xiv., noticed, 80.

Michigan, glimpses of early life in, 457.

Midnight Talks at the Club, noticed, 240.

Millionaires of a day, 407.

Missouri river, navigating the upper, 409; views on the, 411; early explorations of the, 412; trading-posts established, 412; early freight traffic, 414; first steamboat on the upper, 414; steamboats introduced, 414, 415; view of two steamboats on the, 415; description of a trip by steamboat on the, 416.

Montana, the ancient town of Fort Benton, 409; trading-posts in, 412.



Montford, L. B., the three friends in the poem, *Tent on the Beach*, 232.  
 Montgomerie, D. H., *Leading Facts of American History*, noticed, 484.  
 Montreal, fur traders, lines of travel of, the, 412.  
 Moore, Benjamin, view of the home of, Southold, L. I., erected 1647, 272.  
 Moore, Thomas, *Dead Man's island* and the ghost ship, a poem, 212.  
 Morocco, university in, 153.  
 Morris, George P., facsimile of the Croton ode by, sung at Croton water celebration, N. Y. city, Oct. 14, 1842, 165.  
 Morris, Robert, unpublished letter of, 228.  
 Morton, Henry, the battle of nations, 232.  
 Mother Goose in history, 480.  
 Motley, John Lothrop, extract of a letter to his mother, on his history of the United Netherlands, 20.  
 Moyle, Gen. Stephen, services and ancestry of, 72, 153.  
 Munsell, Levi, unpublished letter relative to the Ohio lands, 224.

**NARRAGANSETT** bay, its historical associations, 173.  
 Nations, battle of, 232, 235, 402.  
 Nazareth, Pa., gun factory established near, 286.  
 Newdigate-descendants, 232.  
 New England, intellect of, 148; the Puritan birthright, 354; Thanksgiving day, 1623, in, 445.  
 New South Wales, universities in, 233.  
 New York, fur traders, lines of travel of, the, 412.  
 New York city, the golden age of, 1; the streets of, 1768, 35; residences on Broadway, 4; Fort George, the governor's residence, 51; houses on Whitehall, Pearl, and Broad streets, 5; Hanover square, the business centre, 6; view of the Garden street church, 7; residences in Wall street, 7; negroes sold in, 8; view of the north Dutch church, 9; the John street theatre, 10; King's college commencement May 17, 1768, 20; public festivities, 14; Vauxhall and Ranelagh gardens, 14; annual exhibition on the site of the Astor house, 14; dancing assembly, 14; view of the Methodist church, John street, 15; the merchants of, 16; chamber of commerce, organized, 17; the city hall, Wall street, 20; members of the council and assembly, 20, 21; lawyers of, 22; population and customs, 23; view of the fresh water, present Centre street, 1768, 24; country seats, 25; legal holidays, 26; churches 28, 30; during the war of 1812-1815, 78; effect of the stamp act in 1765, 89; action of the residents on the arrival of the stamps, 90; celebrates the repeal of the stamp act, 91; soldiers attempt to cut down liberty pole, 1770, 91; governor's house in the fort, on fire, 1773, 91; meeting of merchants to have the duty on tea repealed, 91; proceedings of assembly, 1775, 92; the non-consumption of tea in, 94; favors a continental congress, 94, 95; Capt.

Sears arrested, 94; meeting in favor of closing the port of, 1775, 96; man-of-war *Asia* arrives, 97; fast day, July 20, 1875, observed, 99; the two Croton aqueducts, 1842, 1890, 161; view of the Croton water celebration, 1842, 163; facsimile of the Croton ode, sung at city hall, Oct. 15, 1844, 165; plan of, engraved on powder-horn, 401; the colonial press of, 483.  
 New York Genealogical and Biographical Society, Oct. 10th, meeting, paper on Mahlon Dickerson of New Jersey, by J. C. Pumpelly, 405.  
 New York Historical Society, June meeting, paper on comparative view of Daniel D. Tompkins and De Witt Clinton in the political arena, by L. B. Proctor, 73; October meeting, paper on the department of state, 404; November meeting, paper on the historic name of our country, by Prof. Moses Coit Tyler, 482.  
 New Windsor, N. J., Washington's and Knox's headquarters at, 1779, 81, 82, 83, 87; the historic temple at, 1783, 283.  
 New Zealand, war canoe of, 1769, 348.  
 Nicaragua, colleges in, 155, 235.  
 North America, universities in, 233, 235.  
 Northwest, incident's of forty years ago, 123; fur company, 414.  
 Notes.—*July*—The Bay Psalm Book of 1640, 79; Washington attends a bread and butter ball, 70; Motley and the United Netherlands, 70; Stephen Whitney, 70.  
*August*—Intellect of New England, 148; the death of Wolfe, 148; geography and history, 120.  
*September*—Roger Griswold in the Louisiana debate, 1803, 230; Alexander T. Stewart, 230; Beecher as a humorist, 231.  
*October*—Washington as a fox-hunter, 323; Lincoln's prophecy, 323; Jonathan Sturges, 323.  
*November*—Washington's intellectual strength, 401; an old powder-horn, 401; letters of Jefferson, 402.  
*December*—The United States flag, 478; industrial future of the south, 478; Sir Walter Scott's love of solitude, 479.  
**OGDEN**, James de Peyster, descendants of, 324.  
 Ohio, glimpses of log-cabin life in early, 101; view of a log-cabin in, 104.  
 Ohio Land Company, 224.  
 Ohio Valley in colonial days, noticed, 230.  
 Old Oaken Bucket, author of, 480.  
 Oneida Historical Society, Sept. 29th meeting, additions to library, 405; Oct. 27th meeting, paper on the colonial press of Boston and New York, 483.  
 Original Documents.—Two unpublished letters of Zebulon Butler, March 31, 1779, to Gen. Hand, respecting his operations at Wyoming, and Sept. 4, 1780, to Col. Blaine, in regard to provisions,

145; joint letter of Lyman Hall and Nathan Erowson, Feb. 17, 1777, to Col. Stirk, relative to supplies, 146; letter from John Hancock, April 14, 1787, to Gen. Knox, on personal affairs, 224; letter from Levi Munsell, Aug. 17, 1842, to Ephraim Cutler, respecting Ohio lands, 178-86, 224; letter from Mary Washington, July 2, 1760, to Joseph Ball, on family affairs, 227; Martha Washington, Feb. 12, 1801, to Miss M. W. Dandridge, on family affairs, 228; Robert Morris, March 5, 1791, to James Lovell, relative to congress, 228; correspondence of John Durand and Rev. Dr. Lewis Clover, Dec., 1878, respecting Durand's picture of the capture of Maj. André, 321; letters of Jefferson to secretary of war, Sept. 5, 1801, on the petition of a prisoner, 477; Gen. Philip Schuyler to Col. Tonten, Aug. 8, 1776, on army affairs, 477; Cadwallader Colden to Gov. Tompkins, Sept. 16, 1814, accepting appointment of colonel of militia, 479.  
 Our Beloved Flag, a poem, 137.

**PARAGUAY** university, 152, 234.  
 Parker, Judge Amasa J., portrait, 161; sketch of, 197.  
 Parkhurst, Rev. Charles H., D.D., portrait, 329; divine drift in human history, 329.  
 Patton, Jacob Harris, the institution of Thanksgiving day, 1623, 445.  
 Pe-che-wa, chief the Miami Indians, 44; ancestry of, 45.  
 Peking University, 235.  
 Pellew, George, Life of John Jay, noticed, 240.  
 Pennsylvania, rifles manufactured in, 1719, 184, 186; riflemen organized, 1775, 180.  
 Pennsylvania Historical Society, the collection of autograph letters of Ferdinand J. Greer, presented to the, 155.  
 Perry, Thomas Sergeant, translation of Saint-Amant's Marie Louise, noticed, 408.  
 Peru, universities in, 152, 236.  
 Philadelphia, Pa., the library of an antiquarian of, some of its historic treasures, 388.  
 Pierre, Dakota, first steamboat arrives at, 414.  
 Poole, Murray Edward, universities of the world, 152, 233.  
 Pope, Joseph, Life and Voyages of Jacques Cartier, noticed, 79.  
 Porter, Rev. Edward G., John Eliot and his Indian Bible, 485.  
 Powder-horn of the Sullivan campaign against the Indians, with maps and views of New York and Albany engraved on it, 401.  
*Presbyterian Banner and Weekly Recorder*, first religious newspaper, 402.  
 Prisoners of War, and Military Prisons, noticed, 484.  
 Pumpelly, J. C., sketch of Mahlon Dickerson of New Jersey, 405.  
 Puno university, 152.  
 Puritan birthright, the, 354.  
 Putnam, G. F., *Tabular Views of Universal History*, noticed, 485.



QUEENSTON Heights, Canada, the battle of, Oct. 13, 1812, 303.

Queries.—July—William Drummond, first governor of North Carolina, 71; first religious periodical in the west, 71.

August—Disasters on Long Island sound, 150; portraits in pastel, 151.

September—Tent on the Beach, 232; the battle of nations, 232; Newdigate and Loudon descendants, 232.

October—Descendants of James de Peyster Ogden, 324; tablecloth of Francis Willoughby, 324.

November—Author of the phrase "To err is human, to forgive divine," 402; the oldest of the arts, 402.

December—Ancestry of Col. Mainwaring Hammond, 479; Washington's aids-de-camp, 479; the original Mother Goose, 480.

RAINBOW falls, Missouri river, views of, 411.

Reade, Vinton, sixty waymarks in the world's progress, 142.

Religious newspaper, first, published in the west, 71, 402.

Replies.—July—The island of seven cities, 71; services of Stephen Moylan, 72.

August—Origin of surnames, 152; universities of the world, 152; ancestry and services of Col. Stephen Moylan, 153.

September—The Frigate Confederacy, 232; universities of the world, 233.

October—Tent on the Beach, 232; kittereen, 235; the battle of nations, 235.

November—First religious periodical published in the west, 402; the battle of nations, 402.

December—Author of quotation, "To err is human, to forgive divine," 480; Bryant, the author of the Old Oaken Bucket, 480.

Revolutionary Newburgh, a poem, 382.

Rhode Island opposes the adoption of the federal Constitution, 68.

Rhode Island Historical Society, April 15th meeting, paper on a branch of mechanical industry in Rhode Island, by John A. Coleman, 74; Oct. 7th meeting, reports read, 304; Nov. 4th meeting, paper on John Eliot and his Indian Bible, by Rev. Edward G. Porter, 483.

Richardville, John Baptist, chief of the Miami Indians, 44; ancestry of, 45.

Rifle, the, in colonial times, 170.

Robertson, R. S., ancestry of John Baptist Richardville, chief of the Miami Indians, 45.

Rochester Historical Society, May 9th meeting, paper on early transportation, by George T. Moss, 74.

Rocky Mountain Fur Company organized, 473.

Roeser, Matthew, gunsmith at Lancaster, Pa., 1744, 186.

Rogers, Gen. Horatio, the opposition to the federal Constitution in Rhode Island, 68.

Ruggles, Daniel B., the island of seven cities, 71.

Runk, Rev. Edward J., Revolution—Newburgh, a poem, 382.

Rupert, Prince, portrait, 343.

SAINT AMAND, Imbert de, Marie Louise, and the Decadence of the Empire, noticed, 408.

St. John, N. B., Loyalists' Centennial Souvenir, noticed, 79.

St. Louis fur traders, lines of travel of the, 412.

San Salvador, university in, 152.

Santa Anna, Gen. Antonio Lopez, portrait, 331.

Saratoga Monument Association, 25th annual meeting, election of officers, 404.

Saugatuck Historical Society, April meeting, name changed from the Westport Historical Society to the, election of officers, 155.

Schuyler, Gen. Philip, letter to Col. Dixon, Aug. 8, 1776, on army affairs, 475.

Scott, Sir Walter, his love of solitude, 479.

Scott, Gen. Winfield, his remedy for intemperance, 353.

Sears, Capt. Isaac, arrest of, 1775, 34.

Seton Family of Scotland and America, noticed, 327.

Shakespeare, William, prospectus of the first American edition of the works of, 140.

Siberia, university, 233.

Simpson, Sir George, portrait, 347.

Singleton, Roy, Sir William Blackstone and his work, 31; pleasure parties in the northwest, 123.

Society of the Cincinnati, triennial meeting, election of officers, 73.

Some literary statesmen, 467.

South, the industrial future of the, 478.

South America, universities in, 152, 233, 236.

Southampton, L. I., two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of, 62.

Southold, L. I., historic homes and memories, 1640-1890, 272; views of the old Moore house, 272; the first church, 275; Horton house, 276, 277; soldier's monument, 278; L'Hommedieu house, 279.

Southern Historical Society Papers, vol. xvii, noticed, 328.

Spencer, Emanuel, glimpses of log-cabin life in early Ohio, 101; the self-made Lord Timothy Dexter, 171.

Spread Eagle, third steamboat to navigate the upper Missouri river, 415.

Stamp act, extracts of letters relative to the, 1765, 89; repealed, 90.

Standish, Percy Cross, Burgoyne's defeat and surrender, 40.

Steamboats introduced on the upper Missouri river, 414, 415.

Stephens, W. Hudson, unpublished letter of John Hancock, 224.

Stevens, Gen. Ebenezer, portrait, 81; sketch of, 120.

Stewart, Alexander T., characteristics of, 270.

Stone, William L., unpublished letter of Gen. Philip Schuyler, 475;

the colonial press of Boston and New York, 483.

Storrs, Rev. Richard S., D.D., portrait, 241; sources and guarantees of national progress, 241.

Sturges, Jonathan, anecdote of his arrival in N. Y., 323.

Surnames, origin of, 152.

Swift, Gen. Joseph G., Memoirs of, noticed, 166.

Sydney university, 233.

TAPPAN, Rev. Benjamin, a typical old-time minister, 1720-1790, 452; inscription on the tombstone of, 455.

Tarrytown, N. Y., the action at, 1781, 358.

Tea seized in New York city, 1774, 91; meeting of merchants for the repeal of the duty on, 91; the non-consumption of, agreed to in N. Y., 1775, 94.

Tennessee, the mountains and mountaineers of Craddock's fiction, 304; antiquarian riches of, 319; antiquities of, 326.

Tent on the Beach, the three friends of the poem, 232, 324.

Thanksgiving day, the institution of, 1623, 445.

Thruston, Gates P., The antiquities of Tennessee, noticed, 326.

Tilghman, Col. Tench, aid-de-camp to Washington, 480.

Tokio university, 235.

Tom Stevens, first steamboat to reach the highest point on the Missouri river, 415.

Tompkins, Daniel D., and De Witt Clinton in the political arena, 73; letter to Gen. Stevens on the resignation of the latter from the office of major-general of artillery, 122.

Trujillo university, 152.

Tryon, Gov. William, letter to Col. Ellison, March 10, 1774, respecting a regiment of N. Y. militia, 99.

Turkey, colleges in, 153, 233.

Turner, D., Dead Man's island and the ghost ship, 212.

Tyler, Prof. Moses Coit, the historic name of our country, 482.

UNITED STATES, the department of, 404; civil government in the, considered, with some reference to its origins, 408; facsimile of the signatures to the definitive treaty of peace, 1783, 426; the historic name of, 483.

United States navy, organized, 269.

Universities of the world, 152, 233.

VAN BUREN, G. M., Abraham Lincoln's letters, addresses, and messages to congress, noticed, 327.

Vandersmith, John, early gunsmith of Pa., 186.

Van Dyke, T. S., Millionaires of a Day, noticed, 407.

Vanderbilt, Mrs. Gertrude L., History of Reformed Church, Flatbush, noticed, 328.

Vedder, Rev. Charles S., D.D., the edict of Nantes, a poem, 130.

Verendrye, Chevalier de la, governor of Quebec, explores the upper Missouri river, 412.

Virginia riflemen organized, 1775, 180.  
Volney, C. F., The Ruins, noticed, 79.

**WAR** of 1812, New York and vicinity during the, noticed, 78; the battle of Queenston Heights, 203.

War of 1861, The Civil War on the Border, noticed, 238; anecdotes of Gen. Grenville M. Dodge, 310; Lincoln's prophecy, 323; prisoners at Macon, Ga., raise the U. S. flag, 478; Prisoners of War and Military Prisons, noticed, 484.

Warburton, Albert, the original Mother Goose in history, 480.

Washington, George, attends a ball at Alexandria, Va., 70; headquarters at New Windsor, N. Y., 1779, 81, 83; meets his officers in the

temple at New Windsor, 284; as a fox-hunter, 323; two letters, Dec. 8, 1783, to Mrs. Welsh relative to the services of Capt. Huribut, her brother, 362; intellectual strength of, 401; aide-de-camp of, 479.

Washington, Martha, unpublished letter of, 228.

Washington, Mary, unpublished letter of, 227.

Webb, Col. Samuel B., aid-de-camp to Washington, 480.

Webster, Noah, spelling-book, 465.

Weekly Recorder, first religious newspaper published, 402.

Weeks, Stephen B., ancestry of Gov. William Drummond, 71.

West Indies, universities in, 152, 233.

West Point, an historical play, noticed, 80.

Western Reserve Historical Society, annual meeting. election of officers, 155.

Westport Historical Society, name changed to the Saugatuck Historical Society, 155.

Williams, John S., one of the early settlers in Ohio, describes the building of a log cabin, 102.

Williams, Roger, the story of, retold, 312.

Willoughby, Gov. Francis, tablecloth of, 324.

Winsor, Justin, Narrative and Critical History of America, vol. viii., noticed, 426.

Wolfe, Gen. James, the death of, 148.

World's progress, sixty waymarks in the, 142.

Wright, E. W., the author of the quotation, "To err is human," 480.

**YELLOWSTONE**, first steamboat to navigate the upper Missouri river, 414.

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